

A  
0  
0  
0  
0  
2  
9  
8  
6  
3  
8



UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



attached  
to the

















1874  
J. F. Davis  
PROGRESSION;

OR,

THE SOUTH DEFENDED.

BY

MILLIE MAYFIELD,

OF NEW ORLEANS.



APPLEGATE & CO., PUBLISHERS,

43 MAIN STREET, CINCINNATI, O.

1860.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860,

By APPLEGATE & CO.,

in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the  
Southern District of Ohio.



## Dedication.



To the intelligent, reasoning, and generous thinkers among my countrymen and countrywomen—those who are willing, with unjaundiced eyes and unprejudiced opinions, to weigh the South and her Institutions in the balance of Justice, against fanaticism and error—this volume is sincerely dedicated ; while it is respectfully submitted to the consideration of all believers and admirers of the monstrosities set forth in “ Uncle Tom’s Cabin,” *et hæc omnia genera*, for the purpose of deceiving and misleading the masses.

THE AUTHOR.

(iii)



# Contents.



	PAGE
INTRODUCTORY.....	7
CREATION .....	16
THE EARTH.....	35
MAN.....	66
SLAVERY.....	103
THE SOUTH.....	149
VALEDICTORY.....	194
NOTES .....	211



PROGRESSION;  
OR,  
THE SOUTH DEFENDED.

---

*Introductory.*

YE lords of creation, bear with me, I pray,  
While I point to the object that guideth my lay;  
And ye, my fair sisters, my visit excuse:  
Unushered I call, but ye will not refuse  
To receive me with favor, when once I explain  
The laudable motives that prompted my strain.  
Would my pen were inspired with the pictures it  
paints,  
While I bring to your notice some sinners turned  
saints!  
But my goose-quill can give but the d—l his due,  
And enough it will be, for the tale is “ower true.”

In this age of great wonders, of "rights,"  
"ists," and "isms,"  
Of social o'erturns, and political schisms;  
Of miracles working right under our noses,  
That shake to the center the good laws of Moses;  
Of wordy tornadoes, and shrieking anathema  
Pitched into our teeth and our faces, ex-cathedra,  
By raving reformers, a dictating brood,  
Who the laws of creation would change, if they  
could;  
When the B—rs, and P—rs, and S—ds, & Co.,  
With their petticoat leader, the sleek Mistress S—e!  
Have emptied their vials of rancor and spleen  
O'er the line, marked by Mason and Dixon, between  
The South, sunny land—and "free soil!" where  
jingles  
The pewter that forms their religion, which mingles  
With all their vile stuff, from rank hate to alloy,  
Which freely they scatter our peace to destroy,  
And under the cloak of religion, sow seeds  
Of discord, fast ripening to enmity's deeds,  
Between the two races—whom but to befriend,  
Is their motive for meddling, they vainly pretend;  
Then gloat o'er the warfare their daring calls forth,

And from the cold lips of the "Rights"-ridden  
North

Boldly challenge the South to a contest of strength  
In a match with opponents, whose laws have a  
length

And a breadth of their own, paramount to the  
laws

Of their country!—Then say, has any one cause  
To wonder a daughter of that sunny land,  
Most basely defamed by a bigoted band,  
Should take up the gauntlet, defiantly hurled,  
Tho' all bearded creation contemptuously curled  
Their indignant mustaches, at womanly knight,  
Who the seven-headed beast would thus valiantly  
fight?

Yes, land of my sires, of my home and my love!  
Be mine the blest portion thy honor to prove,  
Be mine the dear task to wipe off from thy brow  
That plague-spot, rogues planted, which grows on  
it now,

Or their fingers of falsehood so foully have traced  
Vile calumnies, ne'er to be wholly erased  
Till the sense of mankind shall awake to those laws  
Which govern creation.

With reverence I pause,  
And a blessing I ask from the great Source of  
Light,

To hallow each axiom my heart would indite;  
That truth from my pen so prophetic may roll,  
As shall carry conviction to every great soul;  
Conviction that God's laws, unchanging and just,  
Shall abide, when weak man has resolved his to  
dust!

And those laws. Will the P—rs, and B—rs,  
and S—es,  
Who, on ill-gotten laurels so proudly repose,  
Asserting, "All men are born equal!" but will  
they

Point the law in creation which proves it? or say  
(Taking Scripture to back me), what meaneth the  
story,

That one star from another shall differ in glory?  
Why not have them *equal*, with splendor supernal,  
To shine thro' all ages, undimmed and eternal?  
For one is a star, just as much as the other—  
Pray, why should the one, then, outrival his  
brother?

And again (from the Bible I freely must quote,



For pailsful of Scripture Mistress S—e sets afloat)  
We are told, in that heaven are seraphs who see  
The face of their Maker continually.

But it sayeth not *all* have that privilege blest,  
Of the angelic dwellers of that land of rest!  
Then why should that God, who made heaven and  
earth;

From whom suns and stars claim their glorious  
birth;

Who fashioned the angels and cherubim fair,  
But made them not *equal*—pause, skeptic, just  
there—

Say, why should he make an exception in man,  
Or alter in him, the original plan?

Ascending, by steps, from the lower types,  
brutes  
Are marked in each species with distinct attri-  
butes

To man, walking upright, a creature, they say,  
Just less than the angels—this none will gainsay,  
Still, the different species of men on the earth  
Must claim the prerogatives stamped them at birth;  
And who will deny that to each has been given  
A different glory, like stars in yon heaven?

The great laws of God show distinctions. Each  
star,  
That, with scintillant splendor, shines out from  
afar,  
Was in its beginning an atom in space,  
Which, step by step, circled in ne'er-ending race,  
Till it shone out full-orbed, as a glorious sun,  
With its satellite planets, contented, each one,  
As planets to be, which with borrowed light shine,  
Nor think themselves *suns* from the ray, half di-  
vine,  
That lights their dark faces when touched by the  
beam  
Which flows from their primary in a full stream,  
But, without which, the darkness of ne'er-ending  
night,  
Its somber wings folding, existence would blight.  
'Tis thus in the vast book of nature we read  
Great truths, far above each sectarian creed.  
On its gold-illumed pages unerring we trace,  
The dependence of some of the bodies of space  
Upon other orbs, still ranging higher and higher,  
On the grand chords harmonious of heaven's bright  
lyre ;

Then, down to the earth, where the baser strings  
grate,

No exceptions we find in this progressive state.

As nearest the skies, take the genus called  
"homo"—

For earthly progression ranks him major-domo—  
Thro' five distinct grades runs the species, de-  
scending

To that, which the good book will tell us lies end-  
ing

In Afric's warm regions of desert and palm,  
First peopled by Noah's cursed son, yclept  
"Ham;"

Which, in savage condition, *one* degree from the  
brute

Is only removed. (This, I know, will not suit  
Your screamers for freedom, and clerical forces,  
Who, astride of their huge black republican horses,  
Would ride o'er the neck of the South, their great  
evil,

In the name of the Lord! Freddy D., and the  
d—l!)

Then down thro' creation we find, link by link,  
The chain all unbroken. We adore, while we think

Of the wisdom which fashioned each creature progressive,

From lowest type upward to man! Inexpressive  
Are words in their meaning, to tell the whole  
story,

How, from man rising upward from glory to glory,  
Are angels, and cherubs, and seraphim, singing  
The praises of Him, in whom all had beginning!

O Ariel! thy wing I would borrow from thee!  
Puck, lend me thy girdle, while backward I flee  
O'er the mountains of Time, rising hoary and gray,  
Back, back to the moment when dawned the first  
day,

When the glimmer electric rent darkness apart,  
And the first throb pulsated in Nature's great  
heart!

When Deity spoke, and the darkness replied;  
When his laws were established, so fixed to abide,  
Till the circles of time are fulfilled on the dial,  
And every created thing, pure from the trial  
Which tested its faith in a fiery ordeal,  
Has merged from nonentity into the real;  
Has acted its part in the drama of life;  
Has basked in its sunshine, and battled its strife;

Has seen, link by link, the chain part, that to  
earth

Binds the spirit, still looking for heavenly birth,  
For that glorious celestial progression which love,  
Love Divine, has marked out in the bright realms  
above ;

When casting behind it its fetters of clay,  
The spirit, triumphant, soars on its bright way  
To regions of light on the crystalline river  
That laves the white throne of our life's glorious  
Giver!

Let me trace, step by step, those most wonderful  
laws

Which sprang into being when breathed the First  
Cause,

And which govern inanimate objects as well  
As those warmed with life—tho' no man can tell  
Why such and such causes produce their effects,  
Yet that such the result is, there's no one objects.  
Let me show that the present condition of man,  
Is but the result of an organized plan,  
By superior Intelligence fashioned and made,  
Ere Time's corner-stone in creation was laid.

## Creation.

THE sea of space was moteless. Systems,  
spheres,  
In circling marches, marked no passing years  
On Time's great dial—time was then unborn;  
But, with the mild, balm-breathing, blue-eyed  
morn,  
In the still womb of chaos unformed lay,  
A foetal mass, unconscious of to-day.

The universe—the countless orbs that rise  
In golden glory now o'er burnished skies,  
Those stellar monarchs of the vast domains  
Whose fields are glittering with planet trains,  
And wandering comets, in eccentric lines,  
Nearing the throne where glowing splendor shines,  
And every world that's teeming now with light  
And life, lay wrapt in embryonic night!

Nonentity! O! say, what mortal eye  
May with a backward glance thy depths descry—

What mortal pen may paint the somber pall  
Which dropped its darkening shadows over all  
The regions where glad life triumphant reigns  
To-day? For once, encircled with thy chains,  
Each mighty element that sweeps the deep  
Lay hushed beneath thy touch in harmless sleep;  
The germ of every living thing that springs,  
On thy broad bosom folded silent wings—  
And thro' the lofty aisles around, no sound  
Broke on the solemn silence, deep, profound!

But now a pulse, like the first throb that tells  
Of quickening life, thro' all thy fibers swells.  
Whence comes the glow that lights thy ashen  
face,

O! dun-browed mother of a countless race  
Of golden glories shining thro' all space?  
Whence comes the thrill, coursing thy dark veins  
thro',

Whose speed electric wakes each throb anew  
Ere it expires? The mighty Word which was  
In the beginning—the great Primal Cause—  
Is breathed, and lo! startling the silence round,  
The fathomless abyss gives back the sound,  
Reverberating thro' the caverns deep,

Wakening each atom from its pristine sleep  
Out-speeding thought, it sweeps the broad aisles  
thro',

Where now each firmament hangs its bann'rol blue,  
Where now each world rolls on its ceaseless way,  
Each sun from slumber calls the drowsy day.

On, on, the mighty Word, with lightning march,  
And spell Promethean, ignites the torch  
Of electricity, to work the will  
Of the Great Architect's supernal skill!

O! mighty power! what sway to thee is given;  
Thy chain, O Electricity! unriven,  
Spans the wide earth, circles the walls of heaven!  
There's not a leaf that trembles on the breeze—  
There's not an eddy dimpling in the seas—  
There's not a cloudlet floating o'er yon sky,  
Or tear-drop welling from old Nature's eye—  
A blade of grass, a diamond spray of dew,  
But shows thy mystic footsteps sparkling thro'.  
Wizard! that forgest thunderbolts at will,  
Then peaceful gambol'st down a mountain rill,  
Or, leaping from the dark cloud, with a flash,  
Level'st whole cities with a deaf'ning crash;  
Then turn'st next moment from the low'ring sky



To light a thought in beauty's sparkling eye!  
So much that's gentle with thy fierceness blends,  
We learn to love thee ere our terror ends.

Well might the wakening heart of nature thrill,  
As Slave of Lamp, obedient to thy will—  
When forth, thro' space, careering in mad glee,  
Thou spedst full wildly on thy errand free,  
And, at thy call, forth from his secret lair  
Sprang up the mighty giant men call "Air."  
Like molten ore looked forth his glowing eyes,  
And hotter still were breathed his burning sighs,  
Till the gray mist of space caught up the glow,  
And fiery vapor filled the void below.

O! wondrous sight, a universe all fire!  
A cup wherein was brewed each vain desire,  
Each grief, each doubt, each love, hate, hope,  
fear, joy,  
Each mad ambition and each gilded toy;  
Each little appetite, that leads men on,  
From doubtless good, till e'en that good is gone;  
Each vanity and every virtue, here,  
From atoms bubbling, sought their proper sphere,  
That each in turn might act their destined part  
In their vast theater, the living heart!

For so, from the beginning, went the Word,  
When its first whisper fired, and ether stirred.  
A mist of fire! the glowing warp and woof  
To fashion drapery for Heaven's high roof;  
The loom, the universe: the weaver, He  
At whose command springs all things—Deity!  
He spake and it was done; to Him, all time  
Is one eternal now—O! thought sublime!  
The finite mind shrinks from the task with awe,  
When it would measure Him by mortal law.

Yet ample are His laws. The drop of dew  
That hangs a mimic world, proclaims this true;  
The rounded tear that falls from childhood's eye,  
Is still a globule, like yon orb on high;  
The glowing lamp that lights the distant sky,  
Or the stray mote that dances in the beam  
Of the warm sun, the eddy in the stream—  
The desert's grain of sand, the pebble small,  
Proclaim the mighty Hand that fashioned all.  
From worlds to meaner things, one form gave He,  
That man might thence learn meek humility!  
Not to despise weak atoms, for from these  
Worlds sprang to light, as from small drops spring  
seas!

O! most sublime in their simplicity,  
These never-failing laws of Deity.

Thus, in yon mist of fire, bright spots now gleam,  
Like diamond dust they sparkle in the beam  
Electric playing o'er them. Nuclei these,  
Atomic drops of planetary seas,  
Which, true to laws presiding at their birth,  
Rotate as surely as the full-grown earth;  
And still accumulating as they go,  
Collect new forces from the depths below,  
Above, around them (everywhere we view  
The one pervading principle as true  
At work, of like attracting like), till each  
Has swelled its bulk to where its limits reach.

Now may we view each system's early state,  
As red-hot liquid masses they rotate  
Obedient to a law which science owns,  
That fluids meeting in a center, zones  
Of quick rotation are established—so  
All whirlpools prove, as madly round they go.  
And still another law have we to show.  
Rotating fluids, drawing as they go  
All things attractive, still repel again,  
By that same force, all that they can't retain.

And thus each solar system claims its birth,  
Formed by the self-same laws man finds on earth  
In simplest things; for He who formed them all,  
Made the same power by which apples fall  
To hold great systems in their proper place,  
And keep each courser on the fields of space  
From chance encounter in their rapid race!

Seest thou yon monarch of the realms of day,  
Whose diadem emits a golden ray,  
As thro' morn's opal gates he takes his way?  
Why turns the earth, with a glad smile, to greet  
His coming, and to kiss his jeweled feet?  
Why from each hill-side, meadow, dale, and grove,  
Do ringing anthems of melodious love  
In matin welcomes rise? O! say, why opes  
The flowers' sweet eyes, as lawn and leafy copes  
Shake off the glittering dew-drops which the night's  
Dark eyes have wept, and hail the dawn's delights?

Does not Dame Nature, with harmonious voice,  
Call thro' her mossy dales and groves "Rejoice?"  
Bends not the earth in tribute to her sire  
Who proudly turns on her his eyes of fire,  
Whence spring both warmth and light? O, why,  
say why,

Do all things turn instinctive to the sky,  
And rapt adore the Day God's golden sheen,  
If ne'er a part of it they once have been?  
Is not the voice of nature ever near  
To whisper of the parent in child's ear?  
And thus, the earth—last youngest-born but two  
Of this, our solar household—gives her due  
Of reverence meet, her morning greeting fair,  
To her crowned sire enthroned in golden air.

For, once, a circling mass of liquid fire,  
Our sun filled all our system's space entire;  
And gases, metals, earths, all, all were blent  
In mass chaotic, thro' space whirling sent.  
As ages lapsed, grown colder (as all must  
In time), solidifying to a crust,  
Its outer edge gave way, as solids will  
From fluids part, one law obeying still;  
This detached mass, assuming spherul shape,  
Rotating in the orbit where escape  
From thrall parental first proclaims it free  
And eldest born of Sol's vast progeny,  
It paces now in never-ending march,  
The outer walls of this, our system's arch,  
As sentinel, guarding the wide domain,

Where brother soldiers tramp in starry train  
Their circling courses, as from parent sun  
They sprang to being, as the first had done;  
Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn, claiming birth  
Of the same sire, their gentle sisters, Earth  
And fair-browed Venus honored father call—  
And Mercury, the youngest born of all—  
Members of the same family, each one,  
We find these bright-eyed children of the Sun.

Go forth, O man, when eve, with glowing cheek  
And dewy lip, murmurs a good-night meek,  
As in the footsteps of her liege-lord nigh,  
She softly follows o'er the faded sky,  
Lights the bright taper in her nuptial bower,  
Pauses a moment o'er each bridemaid flower  
For farewell kiss, then hides her from their sight,  
Beneath the envious drapery of night—  
Linger, till deep descends still midnight's hour,  
List to the voice of Nature, own her power;  
Raise but your glances to the arching sky,  
Where countless suns and systems ceaseless  
fly— .

Where Sirius sparkles with his diamond blaze,  
And Lyra on her golden harp-strings plays,

Arcturus moves resplendent 'mong the stars,  
With glowing luster like the shield of Mars—  
Bootes with his hounds pursues the Bear,  
And Pleiades still mourn—grieved sisters fair,  
While Aldebaran's red eye gleams afar,  
As Taurus wages ineffectual war  
'Gainst bold Orion's sword of golden spheres—  
All suns of systems, numbering more years  
On Time's hoar chronicle, than mind of man  
Can ever grasp within its feeble span  
Behold these wonders! then on bended knee  
Lift up your humble heart to Deity,  
And ask, with prayerful lips, "Lord, what is man,  
That thou art mindful of him?" Father, can  
So frail a creature claim from thee a thought,  
Thou Architect of worlds built out of naught?  
Stupendous structures, tangible and bright,  
Whose glories from nonentity's dark night,  
Forth at thy bidding sprang—thro' ceaseless years  
Progressing to these gold illumined spheres,  
Teeming with life! And ages yet will show  
New worlds and glories, bright'ning as they go,  
To swell the wavelets of that stellar sea,  
Whose shores are bounded by eternity!

Thus have we seen how solar systems spring,  
And from each sun, each planet, once a ring  
Detached from the hot mass, condensing still  
To a fixed point, its orbit there to fill,  
Which, as it cools, may from itself throw off  
Its superfluities (tho' skeptics scoff!)  
Which, by the laws of nature, fixed as fato,  
Around *their* parent mass will then rotate.  
Thus satellites are formed, those lesser lights  
That with soft silver lamps illumine the nights,  
When wearied day her western chamber seeks,  
And goblin darkness to the owlet speaks—  
When bats marauding thro' the dusky air  
Rouse the hyena, slumbering in his lair,  
And croaking ravens, till the hour has come  
For such ill things and elfin shapes to roam.

What Goddess, meek advancing o'er the blue  
Etherial pathway of the stars, looks thro'  
Their jeweled ranks? An ornate silver shield,  
Upon a diamond-studded azure field,  
Is her insignia! 'Tis bright Luna, she  
In fable, Goddess of fair Chastity—  
But whom men know as gentle Ladye Moon,  
She comes to smile away "night's cheerless noon!"



Earth's fair-browed daughter she, her only one—  
Thrown from that earth, as earth from parent sun,  
And ever lending to her mother dear  
A smile of love, her gloomy night to cheer.  
If then, each mighty orb that lights the blue  
Empyrean, has sprung to being, true  
To laws presiding o'er the whole, and all  
From matter in one vast stupendous ball—  
May we not also judge, that all contain  
Constituent elements, which lose or gain  
A density, as subject more or less  
To those controlling causes which compress,  
Expand, solidify, evaporize  
All gases, metals, known beneath the skies?

The chemist tells of certain substances  
Called Elements, and by combining these,  
All forms of matter in and round our earth,  
Are represented in primordial birth—  
As water, from two gases mingling, springs,  
The liquid compound of these vaporous things;  
The metal silicium, in *quantum suf.*,  
With oxygen unites to form the rough  
Silica, base of nearly half the rocks;  
While carbon sparkles in the ebon blocks,

The massive walls, and wide-spread, jetty domes,  
Where the poor miners make their dismal homes,  
As well as in the diamond's sparkling rays  
Which in a monarch's jeweled scepter blaze ;  
And nitrogen, of which our atmosphere  
Is four-fifths formed, among them doth appear ;  
While different metals with a gas combined,  
In magnesia, alumin, lime, we find.  
Yet solids, liquids, fluids æriform,  
Are all reducible to simple form  
Which elementary we call ; of these  
Are gases, six ; metallic substances,  
In number forty-two ; the rest not classed,  
But which, as elements, must not be passed,  
For carbon stands within the group, a small  
Ingredient in the-atmosphere, but all  
Of animal or vegetable kind  
Are with its subtle essence intertwined,  
The base on which they rest ; and fossils, too,  
Formed from the latter, it impregnates thro' ;  
As coal will show, within whose dusky bed  
Masses of carbon are deposited.

If these constituent elements that all  
Of matter else is formed from, on this ball,

Have sprung themselves from primordial form  
Of matter, which some fierce, organic storm,  
Obeying certain laws, has caused produce,  
Analogy would teach us to deduce,  
The same conditions liable to take place,  
In all the regions of infinite space,  
As are the laws of centrifugal force  
Or gravitation ; and, if so, of course  
The gases, metals, earths, exist as true  
(Conditions being proper), where the blue,  
Unbroken ether fans the golden light  
Of astral systems, glorious and bright,  
Yet far remote, beyond the span of mind  
To fathom, as the wanderings of the wind  
“That bloweth where it listeth,” as on earth,  
Where science metes to them this glorious birth.

Matter, if springing then from but one cause,  
Or many more (as may be), under laws  
That differ in effects, shows varied forms ;  
As cold condenses ; heat, expanding, warms.  
Put water under arctic temperature,  
And solid barriers guard the ice-bound shore ;  
Place the same liquid in the boiler red  
With heat, and wreathing, curling overhead,

The vapor moist in graceful folds ascends,  
Expanding, as with air it freely blends,  
Filling more space than when a liquid mass,  
Or by cold hardened to a wall of glass.

Thus heat, we find's a powerful agent here  
In regulating matter in our sphere.  
And science tells us how much added heat  
Would be required, to 'vaporize complete,  
The waters of our globe—and how much more,  
To free the solids of their gaseous store,  
And with increasing temperature, to bring  
The whole to vapor, whence it first did spring.

'Tis then, existing temperature, which lends  
The earth its present volume, and which blend  
The elements in compound form, and gives  
Conditions whereby man and creature lives.  
And chilling off with age, is nature's law—  
For that the earth has colder grown, no flaw  
We find in research ever to exist,  
In refutation of the fact. The mist  
Of fire, wherein each solar system formed,  
Agglomerated, till its surface swarmed  
With eddying circles, cooling as they turned,  
Till each a mighty sun in splendor burned,

Which cooling still, threw off its planet host—  
The first of which, escaped, of course, could boast  
More heat than could the next—and so, till all  
Were whirling sent from the great golden ball,  
Which still retained warmth-giving power and light  
Enough to dissipate each planet's night.

Take our own system—view each planet there—  
Their densities form argument most fair  
In favor of the theory; for earth  
Claiming o'er Mercury and Venus, birth  
Antecedent, hath matter more diffuse  
Than either; which will force us to deduce  
That 'twas because the earth was formed when heat  
Was greater in our system; so complete  
Throughout that system's range, this unity  
Among its planetie community,  
Is marked. Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn, still  
Are lighter, as in circling turns, they fill  
Respective limits in our system's space.  
And Herschel, elder still in planet race,  
In his diffusive matter, shows that heat  
Preponderated, when his glowing feet  
First trod the azure. And, may it not be  
So ordered, that these distant worlds shall see

Less of the sun's light, feel less of his heat,  
Because their *inward* warmth makes all complete !  
While those that's nearest to the fountain-head  
(As Mercury, for instance, dense as lead)  
Exist beneath an atmosphere of cold,  
Which call for solar rays of heat fourfold,  
To make them habitable.

Wise, those laws,  
By Him ordained, the great All-giving Cause !—  
Who hath attempered every dwelling-place  
In His wide empire, to each varied race  
That He hath placed there. For, no cause have we  
To doubt existence on those orbs we see  
Obeying laws, which govern earth as well,  
Where sentient beings are well-known to dwell.  
No right have we—presuming as we are—  
To dare deny to one pale, trembling star  
That sails with earth our system's waveless sea,  
Its birthright's due, its being's destiny !  
As theaters of life, young nurseries  
For budding virtues, and rich argosies  
Of dawning hopes and aspirations high  
That reach beyond the blue, o'erarching sky,  
Are those bright orbs that ever ceaseless fly !

Or crucibles where every grain of good  
Is filtered from its dross, to be the food  
Of angels, in those higher realms where man  
Will walk transparent, when his little span  
Of life is past, and mind shall have progressed  
Beyond its clayey covering—then the rest  
Shall be as noon-day clear—as on, still on  
Thro' Heaven's bright aisles, until the goal is won,  
And God revealed, in majesty sublime,  
Great Self-existent Founder of all time!—  
Shines o'er his works brighter than midday sun,  
And gives his creature welcome—with “Well done,  
Thou good and faithful servant, enter thou  
Into the joys prepared for thee!”

And now

(These facts admitted), it is clearly shown,  
Our globe's a specimen of all the known,  
And similarly placed orbs, that run  
Their circling courses round our common sun—  
That is, as far as matter, and the laws  
Which govern it are known—with but this clause:  
That varied shades will from conditions spring—  
And bodies *here* that's solid, *there* may wing  
In vapory folds, or in soft liquid flow,

As inner heat sends forth expanding glow.  
If then, we're "one of many," let us seek  
With earnest faith, and reverence true and meek,  
To gain a knowledge of our mother earth,  
Since we have seen there's nothing in her birth  
That differs from all other planets known.  
In her, we then, have but a sample shown  
Of myriad orbs, that—like the desert's sand  
Whose grains are numberless—on every hand,  
Above, around us circle !

Let us look

In Nature's ever open "story-book,"  
And read upon its pages, truths sublime,  
There traced by never-erring "Father Time."  
Quaint chronicles on every leaf marks he—  
Sometimes upon the margin, "Destiny"—  
But still, the running title clear and bright,  
We'll find o'er all, lettered both full and light—  
"Progression!"—Earth's brown cover lift and see  
Its footsteps over mountain, rock, and lea !



## The Earth.

THE wondrous Earth! diversified with vales  
And mounts, rocks, forests, rivers, meadows, dales,  
Blue, dimpling lakes and foaming oceans deep—  
White, towering glaciers—dark ravines and steep  
Acclivities—fierce torrents, rushing free  
O'er jutting crags, to form a raging sea  
Of surge—and tiny rivulets that sing  
A cheerful song, as onward still they wing  
Their modest way to the great deep—all, all  
That's beauteous, grand, terrific, on this ball—  
That wakes our wonder, or calls forth our praise,  
Or startles, even while we raptured gaze—  
Must still inspire more wonder, reverence, awe,  
When, as results of an unchanging law  
We view them!—And this proof of it we'll bring—  
'Tis from conditions meeting, all things spring,  
In manner called spontaneous—each thing

Inanimate, and those with life endowed!—  
Tho' mystery the manner may enshroud  
To our dull visions; yet effects we see,  
Showing us, that 'tis from spontaneity  
All changes geological take place  
Upon the earth, and, also, that each race  
Of animals, from meaner things that crawl,  
To man, by each acknowledged lord of all  
Terrestrial things, have in like manner been  
Produced. Spontaneous the action, seen  
Thro' its effects; and electricity's  
The powerful agent to accomplish these  
(To us) most wonderful results—divine  
In origin, omnipotent, sublime!

'Tis thus, the great, all-wise Creator shows  
His majesty! O! think not that it throws  
One tittle of contempt upon his power  
To show, that by fixed laws—a godly dower—  
He works his ever comprehensive will:  
It proves the mighty mind, more mighty still,  
That has the power to frame harmonious laws,  
Progressive thro' all time, from simplest cause  
To most sublime effect, than to affirm  
That Deity, *in person*, placed each germ,

To wave in foliage o'er each circling sphere,  
Where first it sprang to being! O! no fear  
That reasoning minds to this delusion long  
Shall yield, when truthful Nature, with her throng  
Of witnesses, attests the glorious power  
That's worked Time's lever from its starting hour,  
That's calling, now, new wonders from the mist  
In which—like fire in the volcano's heart—exist  
The subtile elements, with impulse rife,  
Waiting the touch of some organic strife  
To reproduce them in their outward form,  
As the red thunderbolt is born of storm!

All elemental substances are found  
United in some compound form. Thus, round  
Our globe aerial draperies curl,  
As oxygen and nitrogen unfurl  
Their gaseous banners, waved in union, where  
Their folds uniting, form our atmosphere!  
But tho' thus blent in vapory union,  
They're never found alone in nature; one,  
Of water's a third part; and in each kind  
Of rock in the earth's crust, we also find  
This gas abundant—while the other claims  
The "better-half" of Air's wide-spread domains,

And freely blends with many simple things,  
If but attraction waves inviting wings—  
For, there are predilections strange, in these  
Aeriform, metallic substances,  
Toward each other's company. We find  
(So says the chemist) two of these combined  
In a solution; add a third, and see  
One of the former to the latter flee—  
Then introduce a fourth, the third will leave,  
The first and firmly to the stranger cleave!

Few rocks there are in which can not be found,  
Two forms of matter, each of which abound  
In elementary substances combined—  
While in the diamond, carbon pure we find,  
Alone; thus showing, combinations and  
Recombinations blend on every hand;  
Conditions meet conditions, and thence spring  
All forms of matter, and each living thing!  
For such are but earth's majestic laws—  
There's no effect but there exists a cause.

Now that our globe was in a fluid state  
When finally solidifying, great  
Existing proof have we; the very form  
Which a revolving body, soft and warm,

Will always take from centrifugal force,  
Our earth possesses, which departs, of course,  
Just so much from a perfect sphere, as shows  
The workings of that inner law, which throws  
Preponderance toward the equatorial zone,  
Where earth's diameter exceeds, 'tis known,  
Its polar depth, and proves our planet's form  
To be an oblate spheroid; not warm  
(As once) upon its outer crust, but deep  
In its huge subterranean chambers sleep  
The smoldering fires—a residuum  
Of that great heat which kept vaporiform  
All matter in times past—and whence arise  
Volcanoes flaming, towering to the skies!

The lamp of science throws its piercing ray  
Thro' earth's green coverlet and wild rocks gray,  
And by its light, shining distinct and clear,  
The beauteous law of Order doth appear  
In the arrangements of the solid crust,  
Whose basis rock of crystalline, 't is just  
To infer, must rest upon the fused mass  
Of matter in earth's center—thence we pass  
To layer, or strata, which from water seems  
To've been deposited; but this, by streams

Of melted rock volcanically sent  
From the chaotic mass below, is rent  
In fissures; and again, are chinks,  
Where veins of many metals lay—broad links  
Of yellow gold, pale silver, duller lead,  
And red-eyed iron are deposited,  
Thus forming, at first sight, a most confused,  
Disordered scene. But when we have perused  
The leaves of the “stone book,” we will have  
hived

Instruction only from such source derived;  
A knowledge of the history of our globe,  
The which to gain, we must its vitals probe.

The deposition of the aqueous rocks,  
And the projection of volcanic blocks,  
Have taken place since Earth its present form’s  
Assumed. And still take place, as the wild storms  
Of Ætna and Vesuvius plainly show;  
Where the red lava’s seething, molten flow  
(The rocky scum of each fused element  
O’er-boiling the huge caldrons where they’re  
blent),

Rains liquid fire upon the plains around,  
Which cooling, solid rock is always found.

And the deep sea, in never-ceasing flow,  
Her stores of sediment still leaves below ;  
And as fresh layers upon her rocky bed  
She freely scatters, thro' the mass is spread  
Diffusive heat from the great fires beneath,  
And from its action, thus, another sheath  
Or coating's added to the basis rock  
Of earth's broad wall of crystal, block on block.  
And so, old Earth is ever filling up  
Her inequalities—for where the cup  
Of mighty seas sunk deep within her breast  
(Deeper than those which now within it rest),  
Granitic mountains reared their scraggy heads  
From ocean's ever restless, surging beds,  
And tireless waves still chafed the rocky sides,  
Bearing the granules on their flowing tides,  
Which "constant dripping" will wear off—to fill  
The cavities below. And this is still  
The means used now, as in times formerly,  
To give the earth a smooth rotundity.

'Tis science tells us that the seas of old  
Were deeper far by many, many fold,  
Than now ; and this is by the primary rocks  
Well proved, of which, the lofty, towering blocks ;

That guard old Scotia's burns and flow'ry braes  
Are fine examples. These, formed in those  
days

Of old, the earliest stratified, and first  
Series that from earth's crystal bosom burst,  
Are called the *gneiss system and mica slate*.  
The thickness of these beds is oft so great  
That it attests the mighty depths profound  
Of the primeval oceans that around,  
(Perhaps) above them circled.

Now, these rocks,  
These early stratified, primeval blocks,  
Bear witness of a higher temperature,  
A stronger heat than any, we are sure,  
Within earth's crust; nor one of them contains  
A vestige of the petrified remains  
Of vegetation or of creature—found  
In other rocks so freely to abound  
To tell a wondrous tale of times long past—  
And from their absence in a field so vast  
As these present, we must infer that none  
Existed; that the earth displayed but one  
Vast face of ponderous rock or boiling sea,  
Where naught of verdure, flower, or shrub, or tree,



Waved its soft foliage on the sterile air,  
Nor animal crouched in his covert lair,  
Nor fish in the hot waves disporting, laved,  
Nor wing of bird the heated ether cleaved;  
But silence, broken only by the roar  
Of the wild waters dashing on the shore,  
Hung o'er the lonely scene!

The march toward life

Had not commenced as yet. Organic strife  
In never-ceasing changes, still evoked  
Conditions new, to part the chain which yoked  
Existence in its rocky prison deep,  
And loose that element from pristine sleep,  
Which clothes the forest in its mantle green,  
And o'er earth's bosom folds an emerald screen;  
From which each blade of grass, each sheaf of  
grain,

Sucks in the principles which life sustain!

And what this substance? Carbon—known to be  
Of herb and plant the main commodity—  
From them to animals, by transit rare  
'Tis passed, and back again restored to air  
In each expired breath the latter sends—  
So that with all things, thus 'tis shown, it blends

The great life-giving principle ! and found  
In the next strata freely to abound  
In beds of limestone ; and 't is there are shown  
The first remains of living creatures known :  
The forms of *zoophites*, *polypes*  
(Those tireless builders in the restless seas  
Where coral palaces attest their skill,  
Their perseverance, industry, and will !)  
And *mollusks*—these, the fossils which betray  
The life-productions of that early day,  
Of which the species now are swept away ;  
For 't is resemblance, only, that they show  
In general character, to those below  
Old ocean's briny billows, where they lave  
To-day, the portals of the sea-king's cave.  
And with them, various sea-plants, also sprung  
Spontaneous in their watery beds, and clung  
The first link in the chain of nutriment.  
And so, by links, all forms of life are blent !  
Conditions are advanced—and one by one,  
A higher order is produced. 'T is shown,  
That in the eras of those early rocks,  
A tropic clime prevailed ; and as the blocks  
Of other series reared their stately heads,

From the retreating ocean's watery beds,  
A cooler temperature still wrought more change;  
And varied petrifications in each range,  
Give, in quaint characters, on stony page  
(*If man would only heed*), their lessons sage!

Thus in the *Old Red Sandstone* fish abound,  
That nowhere in earth's waters now are found;  
Nor only in one section of our sphere,  
In those old rocks, do these remains appear.  
In lands antipodal, where'er is found,  
The strata of that system, types abound  
Of uniform condition—which doth show  
This form of life organic, in its flow,  
Was coeval with those primeval rocks;  
And not until the *Secondary* blocks,  
Or ranges *Carboniferous*, was seen,  
Upon the earth's broad bosom, aught of green  
Luxuriance or verdure; no land plant,  
Or animal remains, ere these, extant,  
To prove that such existed.

Thence, 't is clear,  
The mighty mandate, "Let dry land appear,"  
Was by earth's majestic laws obeyed  
(The produce of conditions all arrayed

In favorable progress), at the close  
Of the first strata. Then volcanic throes,  
In nature's bosom spoke the mighty birth,  
Of the great mountain ranges of our earth.  
Dry land was formed, and vegetation reared  
Its head spontaneous—towering shrubs appeared,  
Of which no species now on earth are known;  
Because the temperature, 't is clearly shown,  
*Too cold is* for existing types to be  
Developed to such size. And thus, we see,  
The forests of those days abundant spread  
(As their deposits in each dusk coal-bed  
Must plainly prove—geology doth show  
Hundreds of species in this strata low).  
The fern or bracken then in lofty trees,  
Waved in wild foliage on each tropic breeze,  
Sweeping o'er earth's warm breast in music sweet,  
Where now the Ice-king stalks with freezing feet;  
But still no flowering shrub or luscious fruit  
Spread tempting banquet round for bee or brute—  
No hum of bird or insect's waving wings,  
Nor higher types of animated things  
Shone o'er the scene. And from this, it would seem  
That this luxuriant vegetable stream,

Was but designed the atmosphere to free  
Of matter noxious to organic life—and be  
A means, as well, to lay up mineral store  
To benefit the *human* tides, which pour  
Their floods from North, South, East, and West,  
to-day,

And to Omniscient Source their tribute pay !

We pass from these to other rocks, and here  
We find new marvels. On our startled ear  
Breaks a low whisper from our mother, Earth :  
“Behold ! the forms to which was given birth  
Spontaneous—in creatures made to be  
Dwellers alike of either land or sea !”

Yes, in these rocks are found the fossil forms  
Of reptiles huge ; and, also, mammoth swarms  
Of creatures now unknown, but still allied  
To crocodiles and lizards—and beside,  
Are numerous tortoises of monstrous growth ;  
And all these creatures blend the types of  
both

Land animals and fish—that is, they live  
In water, yet can breathe the air—and give  
In one (*the rynchosaurus*), beak and feet  
Of bird, and reptile body—to complete

The link between these two. So Nature blends  
Each changing type as higher she ascends !

And thus, the *New Red Sandstone* era shows  
Commencement of *Reptilia*, and throws  
Advancing steps toward the next order—birds.  
Then the succeeding series, formed two-thirds  
Of *Oolite* (a limestone in round grains  
Like to a fish's roe), give the remains  
Of reptiles still, and insects ; also, here,  
The first marks of *Mammalia* appear—  
The fossil of a quadruped, as clear  
To prove the progress that the busy earth  
Had made in creatures of spontaneous birth—  
For by this petrification, we infer  
The lowest order of this mammifer,  
*Marsupialia*—here first was seen—  
And still new plants ; which prove the clime  
t' have been  
A tropical and temperate between.  
Thus showing, still decreasing temperature,  
And new advancing types appearing here,  
The while the old in gradual decay,  
Were from their scene of being swept away.

The next formed rocks cretaceous are. Of these,

The white cliffs of Old England, o'er the seas,  
That stretch broad arms to shield their native land  
From depredation—guardians of the strand!—  
Are specimens. In such chalk-beds are seen  
Great hollows, with clay, limestone, marl between—  
And these mixed beds (which have divided been  
Into three classes), show new species, still,  
Of animals—thus, link by link, to fill  
The gap between the earliest formed and man,  
According to earth's grand organic plan  
By infinite intelligence arranged!  
Which mortal arrogance has never changed,  
Tho' fanatics have wordy thunders hurl'd  
Above a strangely self-deluded world,  
To prove their Maker in his laws did err,  
Which failed to fashion man.

We must infer,  
From petrifications in this strata found,  
That earth had reached, in her progressive round,  
The period whose glimmering dawn would rise  
To noonday splendor; when the arching skies  
Would wave bright banners o'er the bounteous  
lands,  
That, still obeying the Divine commands,

Would bring forth living creature, creeping thing,  
And every feathered warbler that doth wing  
Its way thro' the blue ether; when great whales  
Would part the billows, and the finny sails  
Gliding o'er oceans' watery mirrors blue,  
Would still proclaim their laws of being true—  
Fulfilling the great mandate which went forth  
In the beginning, and thus prove its worth  
In earth's increasing fruitfulness!

Begin

With the first period of this era. In  
Its shell deposits, vast remains are found,  
Showing *mammalia* freely to abound,  
Of higher types—*Pachydermata*. These  
Are long extinct in direct species,  
But still approximating to that class  
That now on earth crops the luxuriant grass.  
And others still, allied to wolf and fox,  
Opossum, raccoon, squirrel—in these blocks  
Of *Tertiary Formation*. Species, too,  
Of birds allied to sea-lark, quail, curlew  
And buzzard, owl and pelican, and new  
Forms of reptiles. Then the next periods give  
Advancing types of creatures vast that live



'Neath the wave: marine mammalia, here,  
Seals, dolphins, whales, walruses now appear;  
And still progressing, on the land are shown  
The mastodon and mammoth, now unknown,  
With other animals gigantic, prone  
To exist in times gone by, as if the earth  
Used a refining process in each birth,  
And modeled and remodeled every type,  
That each incongruous feature she might wipe  
From the progressive being, till it shone  
The prototype of the Almighty One,  
Whose wondrous word, "In our own image, man  
Shall fashioned be!" went forth when time began.

From these huge creatures—which the elephant  
Is now the existing species of—we want  
New orders; and behold! we find them here  
In *Ruminantia*—as camels, deer,  
And oxen, now, for the first time appear,  
And these, with other ruminants, but fill  
The points progressive to *Bimana*. Still,  
A gap is left in the ascending scale,  
And lo! what fills it? Surely we don't fail,  
In pointing to the *Quadrumana*? There  
The link, that must resolve all doubts to air!

Showing the blended types of man and beast,  
And with intelligence enough at least  
To cause us wonder if the (so-called) brute,  
Is destitute of reason, altho' mute?

'Tis to Geology we owe the light  
That dissipates the darkness of the night,  
Brooding above the labyrinthine past,  
And read its history by the gleam so east.  
A never-ending volume, always new,  
With fresh leaves placed by time while journeying  
thro',

And to its bulk will each succeeding age,  
Still add a wonderful, transcendent page!  
From low volcanic depths to mountain heights,  
Time's restless pencil still this axiom writes:  
*Spontaneous formation of each thing!*  
From zephyr floating by on viewless wing,  
To raging winds that toss the mighty seas;  
From the young leaf that trembles on the breeze,  
To the gnarled oak that braves the storm-king's  
wrath;

In every grain of sand, in every path  
That chafing oceans mark upon the rocks;  
In every varied tribe of feathered flocks,

That part the azure curtains of the air ;  
In each fierce creature crouching in his lair ;  
And e'en in lordly man, we read this truth,  
Self-evident to all from age to youth—  
That each inanimate and living thing  
Must from spontaneous action ever spring !  
Note the firm earth, its far-spread, ranging blocks  
Of massive, ponderous and towering rocks—  
Of what composed ? Of water crystallized,  
Solidified—and all, evaporized  
May be by heat. For, water but appears,  
The well-known produce of two blended airs  
By electricity combined. And this,  
The fluid, that our solid planet is  
Composed of ; it surrounds the globe in mists,  
And deep within the crust of earth exists  
In springs—deeper, appears a sea, as shown  
By wells artesian, which to all are known—  
Deeper, it is conjectured to exist,  
A sea of condensed steam, or scalding mist—  
And deeper still, in mass chaotic lies,  
From whose hot, molten bed volcanoes rise.

And thus around us, do we see effects  
Of spontaneity, for who rejects

The theory, that conditions must be right,  
To work such wondrous changes, which our sight  
Convinces us have taken place within  
Our globe? These facts to prove, we must begin  
At the beginning, thence, progressive rise  
Upon the chain whose end is in the skies!

Nothing was e'er created to be lost.  
The waif, on ocean's billow tempest-tost,  
Hath still its mission, trifling tho' it be—  
And what but *drops* is every mighty sea?  
And atoms infinite, form rolling spheres,  
Succeeding moments swell to hoary years—  
And all are marching toward the dawning light  
That parts the curtains of the dying night,  
And lets the day-beam splendor in, to show  
To man benighted, all the heavenly glow  
Which God's grand laws progressing, shed around  
O'er earth and skies, where'er effects are found!  
There's nothing insubstantial—the breath  
Of air we breathe, on which hangs life and death,  
Can be by pressure turned to fluid form,  
The fleeting rainbow hues that ride the storm,  
Are prisoned in the diamond's crystal cell—  
The thoughts engendered in man's brain, can swell

To outward shape in "words that burn," and leave  
Their mark on memory's brow to joy or grieve,  
Thrill with enthusiasm or depress with fear  
As now they burst, now sink upon the ear.  
Even shadow, held of all terrestrial things  
Most fleeting—the daguerreotypist brings  
Within the range of certain laws, and see  
*The shadow's fixed by spontaneity!*

And thus, the changing forms of Earth have  
been

Produced. Thro' each succeeding era seen  
Developed to superior orders still—  
Each range of rocks the circle vast to fill;  
And these again volcanically rent,  
With matter new, projected thro' each vent,  
Which new conditions still evoke effects,  
And counter-causes all the old rejects—  
Sweeping away successive races still,  
Which have played out the part they were to  
fill;

Progressive steps, toward a completed whole,  
Which under laws eternal ceaseless roll!  
For all must know, the lofty pines that rise  
In grandeur towering to the bending skies,

Sprang from the simple cone in earth's dark bed,  
As tender saplings first, ere overhead  
Their green plumes wave where eagles proudly  
soar—

And animals and worlds can do no more—  
For *all* from germs to forms complete progress,  
'Tis nature's law, 'gainst which there 's no redress!

Each discord has its harmony, each storm  
Its calm, each light its shade, and every form  
Of pain its pleasure, every throb its rest,  
Each aim its object; and tho' last, still best  
We find on earth that each thing has its place,  
In the triumphal march, the mighty race  
From inanition to intelligence;  
And still progressing upward, onward, thence  
To immortality—when faith shall rise  
Exultant o'er the grave to glorious skies!

We find in nature, certain substances  
That form connecting ties, which by degrees,  
From matter lead to life; thence, link by link,  
From lowest form that trembles on the brink  
Of being, up to man. As bitumen  
And sulphur are the links the earth between  
And metals; vitriols, metals join, 't is known,

With salts; crystallizations, salts with stone;  
The amianthis and cytophites  
Most surely form a certain species  
Of tie 'twixt stones and plants; the polypus  
'Tween plants and insects; and the tube-worm,  
thus

Leads off to shells and reptiles; then, the eel  
And water-serpent, also, seem to steal  
A path from reptiles on to fish; a medium  
'Tween fish and birds, the anas nigra come;  
The bat and flying-squirrel still link birds  
To quadrupeds; and so, the chattering herds  
Of monkeys, are the band 'twixt beast and man.  
A chain of beings on progressive plan.

We see effects of natural law, where'er  
We turn our eyes upon the rolling sphere;  
Effects, from which we *must* this fact deduce:  
That 't is conditions proper which produce  
Each change of verdure and organic life!  
One step beyond a previous order, rife.  
With principles progressive, ever gives  
Advancing types of everything that lives,  
Or being has, upon prolific Earth.  
And thus it is, the individual birth

Of a new form of verdure, sprang from change  
In the conditions since the previous range,  
Thus differing the effects. We also see,  
Spontaneous growth of flower, bush, shrub, or  
tree,

In this wise: When salt-springs upon the land  
Break out far from the sea, on every hand  
Do salt or seaside plants spring up, tho' none  
Grew there before. And this is only one  
Example. Mold from vast depths thrown, we  
know,

Exposed to atmospheric action, so  
Becomes spontaneously verdure clad  
With plants that there no previous being had.  
When lakes are drained new vegetation springs.  
And among other proved spontaneous things,  
'Tis told, when London was laid low by fire,  
The surface of the ruined part, entire,  
Became completely covered with the plant  
*Sisymbrium irio*! And there are extant  
Innumerable instances to show  
Spontaneous production here below.

Nor only vegetation thus induced—  
Organic life is by like means produced.



The mites we see in cheese spontaneous spring ;  
And close-kept furs their stock of moths will  
bring,

As foul-kept hedges generate the slug.  
These actions all admit, who do not hug  
Delusion as their guide, and still deny  
Existence, but as work of Deity  
In *propria persona*, nor pause  
To ask themselves, why universal laws  
In one department of creation may  
Not work as well as in another? Say  
Does it not elevate our Maker more,  
That by these laws, mysterious, slow and sure,  
And *never-failing*, all things are produced?  
Than to suppose him (mortal-like) reduced  
To *fashion with his hands* the model, whence  
Each prototype (*by different process*) thence  
Was ever after to be made? Weak, weak,  
The causality that thus would seek  
To blind itself, and bring Divinity  
To human standard!

All these orbs we see  
Rolling thro' space, have in like way progressed  
From comprehensive germ, which all the rest

Of future grand development evolved.  
This is self-evident. Yet man—resolved  
In bold defiance of known nature's laws,  
And even while admitting a First Cause—  
Asserts a *direct act* of Divine power  
Which placed *him* here, to live his little hour,  
A trifle longer than the ephemera!  
The God of many worlds! by whose wise law  
Great systems circle—forced to interfere  
With His established laws to usher here,  
Weak man upon the theater of his  
Existence! O, if Atheism is  
Extant, 'tis in a creed like this, which gives  
To God a limit!

Ah! there surely lives  
Not a reflective mind but sees how far  
Above all mortal power God's workings are!  
His workings, thro' eternities unchanged,  
Thro' *all* departments of creation ranged  
On principles which human skill defy  
To alter, for their superstructures lie  
On one firm basis—Order! which is known,  
To be in nature the great corner-stone,  
On which is reared the towering fanes where swell

The pæans grand, their Author's praise to tell !  
The arching skies that roof cathedrals vast,  
Ionic columned in Time's quarry cast,  
And hung with pictures which a Claude Lorraine,  
Might ceaseless strive to imitate in vain ;  
Where every whispering breeze and waving leaf,  
Conveys a moral or a sermon brief ;  
Where feathered choristers harmonious raise,  
Their untaught anthems of melodious praise,  
And incense rising from the flowers, floats thro'  
The ivied portals wet with morning dew ;  
And Man, the High Priest, at the altar stands,  
Confirmed as such by God's most holy hands !  
Who gives to him dominion o'er the earth,  
And every living thing that there claims birth ;  
Fish in the seas, and fowls that cleave the air,  
Cattle, and creeping thing that moveth there—  
All these in man their master still must find,  
And bow before the majesty of mind !  
Yea, mind ! the light planned by Divinity,  
To be developed when the clay should be  
Progressed upon the earth thro' ever still  
Succeeding species upward, higher, till  
The full-formed being shone with godlike brow,

Its Maker's image, to which all things bow!  
That by this all-controlling principle  
Of mind, should be almost invincible,  
And fitted for a future glorious race,  
Of immortality and endless grace.

Away with superstition, whine, and cant!  
For sound reflection's all we ever want  
To teach us mighty truths. An eye to see,  
A heart to feel the works of Deity!  
A mind unprejudiced by bigotry—  
A soul from all sectarianism free,  
That gives God praise for all that round us lies,  
And makes him Lord of earth, and seas, and  
skies!

Progenitor of laws progressing still,  
Thro' whole eternities to work his will,  
In minute steps, which fall, as falls the sand  
To mark the hours—around on every hand,  
Till from the atom mighty worlds round out,  
And new conditions ever bring about  
Their changes, till those rolling worlds have given  
In man, the link between all earths and Heaven!

And thus, the morning stars shall sing for joy!  
Each planet praises ring without alloy,

When to that point progressed which ushers man  
Upon his scene of being—which began  
O'er earth to dawn as closed the era known  
As that of *Tertiary Formations*, shown  
To contain the traces of existence still  
Of higher types, the ascending scale to fill.  
And we have seen that each successive race  
Was swept away, yet leaving still a trace  
To mark that once they lived. Research doth  
show

In that remote, far distant "long ago,"  
That five distinct, successive races vast,  
Of plants existed, now gulfed in the past;  
And four distinct, successive races more,  
Of animals, lived in those days of yore,  
Before the present race, with man, appeared.

How many countless ages may have reared  
Their cycles o'er the rolling earth the while,  
We know not. When we view each ponderous pile  
Of mineral productions—each coal-bed  
Whose fossil masses o'er vast areas spread;  
And think what time's required to vegetate,  
And to produce the carbon, which in great  
Quantities, all coal-fields generate;

Or cast our glances o'er the towering blocks  
Of solid stratified, or aqueous rocks  
Which old retreating oceans have laid bare,  
And think by what slow process, layer on layer,  
Their present bulk's attained; or turn our eyes  
To where the fierce volcanic fires arise  
From Hecla's regions of perpetual snow—  
See Etna's hissing, surging, molten flow  
Of lava—and Vesuvius, Stromboli,  
And numbers in the isles of the South Sea—  
In Asia, Africa, America,  
Where'er these furnaces projected are—  
And then reflect, no human records show  
The moment when these fires began to glow  
(With but a few exceptions) in each mount,  
That from time immemorial's been the fount  
Whose seething jets fall in a golden rain  
To make another Danaë of each plain!  
And that each mountain range that girts our earth,  
Owes to such inward struggle still its birth—  
And all by slow, progressive steps, 't is seen,  
Developed to their present state have been—  
The mind shrinks back, and fails to grasp the sum  
Of multiplying units as they come

To give the age of Earth!

Man's life's a rill

Beside creation's gulf—a fraction still  
Of a compounded whole—a drop within  
Time's ever rolling ocean circling—  
A second on the dial's endless round—  
A mote in Nature's golden sunbeam found—  
A tiny mountain stream by torrent free,  
But flowing on to swell the tidal sea  
Of Progress! Such the destiny of man,  
And worlds, and systems, since Time's march began.

## Man.

WE now must solve the mighty problem, Man!  
Roll back the curtain, Faith! that we may scan  
His attributes—and thou, O mother Earth!  
Turn to the page whereon we read his birth  
Recorded in Old Time's Biography—  
Tho' entered there in quaint stenography,  
'Tis to the eye of Reason, lettered clear!

Now, "Open Sesame." What see we here?  
A point where ceaseless progress has evolved  
Conditions new, and Nature has resolved  
To test her powers, a higher race to give  
In her ancestral palaces to live.  
We've seen her handiwork, her curious chain  
Of plants and animals, progress amain,  
From sea-weeds to land plants, the simplest, first,  
Ere to fruition the more complex burst—  
Her life organic, in the humble forms  
Of zoophytes, radiata, swarms



Of mollusca, articulata, ere  
A higher order shone upon our sphere;  
Then fishes, reptiles, birds, mammalia  
(First of which is marsupialia,  
The lowest forms of mammifers) are seen,  
Each a progressive step from what has been,  
And giving earnest, still, of what may be  
Developed yet, thro' all eternity!  
And showing how all forms are bound in one  
Upon our globe—a mighty chain, begun  
'Mongst lowliest mosses, onward, link by link,  
Binding organic things, till on the brink  
Of immortality, it circles man,  
Last of created things, whose mortal span  
Of life being o'er, shall then triumphant rise  
To his new form of being in the skies!

The physiologist observes, each animal  
Progresses still, while in the germinal,  
Thro' changes, all resembling the forms  
Of lower orders in the scale. The worms,  
Being lowest of articulata—see,  
An insect at the order's head, will be  
In larva state, an annelid, or worm;  
And thus, with every embryo, or germ.

The frog is first a fish with gills, to fit  
It for aquatic life—and still, as it  
Advances to maturity, a change  
In its formation, then admits its range  
Upon the land. And higher classes still  
Of mammifers, the fixed forms must fill  
In embryo, of orders in the scale  
Beneath them. Even mighty man don't fail  
In this fulfillment of the law—'t is shown,  
His organization passes thro' all known  
Conditions, in the germinal, and gives  
(In resemblance only) type of each that lives  
*The permanent established form*, below  
Him, of the various orders as they go  
Advancing upward. His first form is shown  
That, which in *animalculæ* is known  
To be fixed; his brain will then assume  
The form of a true fish's; then 't will loom  
The more distinct brain of a reptile; still  
*In transitu*, a bird's, a rodent's, will  
The type be; then, that of a ruminant—  
Digitigrada's the next type we want,  
And lo! the foetal brain evolves it now;  
Then the next change, and nearly last, will show

The characteristics of the perfect ape ;  
This when supprest, there seems to be a gap  
In the ascending scale—'t is then, that man,  
Formed from each creature's best, by Wisdom's  
plan,

The human type assumes. That is, the brain  
Is then complete, the last link in the chain  
Of earthly things, that *yet* have been exhumed  
From the prolific dust of ages ! tombed  
In whose vast mausoleum mighty Truth  
Has dormant lain thro' the world's thoughtless  
youth ;

But Reason's trump, like Gabriel's blast, shall wake  
The dead—the tower of Superstition shake,  
Until its weakened portals crumbling fall,  
And grandly o'er the charred and somber pall  
Of blackened ashes, buried Truth shall rise,  
A phoenix soaring in effulgent skies !

That man's an animal, his attributes  
Must plainly prove, and silence all disputes.  
Considered zoologically, he  
The type above all others, seems to be ;  
The head of animated nature here.  
And as, in every order on our sphere

Are different species existing found,  
So, in *Bimana*, differing types abound,  
From lower ranging to the higher still,  
The order's circle thus complete to fill.  
We'll give each species, as 'tis shown their birth  
Successively took place upon the earth,  
Where climate and conditions governed each  
Advance, as all effects full surely teach

The first, then, of the genus *homo* (shown  
By all analogy in nature known,  
To be *spontaneously produced*), appeared  
When atmospheres caloric far upreared  
A torrid climate o'er the rolling earth,  
Too hot for other forms of human birth  
Than that, by constitution, color, seen  
Adapted to withstand the heat, has been,  
And still is, *relatively* speaking, shown  
To be confined to torrid climes—the known,  
Thick-lipped, flat-nosed, and frizzled, woolly-haired  
Inhabitant of Africa. Compared  
With other known conditions of mankind,  
This species, in their barbarism, blind  
Superstitions, and loose morals, and in  
Their intellectual desolation (twin

Children of one parent), their features coarse,  
Their dark, ungainly forms, and voices hoarse—  
In all these, differ, more than do the rest  
From that type known to be the last and best—  
The Indo-European or Caucasian race.  
(Our own impartial Jefferson did trace  
Between the Black and White man, many points  
Of difference. He says : The Black anoints  
His body more profusely than the White  
*With perspiration*; and there is a slight  
Difference in the arrangement of the mass  
Of lungs, by which, 't is clear, the Black can pass  
His breath with greater force than the White man ;  
Less beard he has his mouth's broad arch to span ;  
And in the shape of body, color, hair,  
They differ ; while the Negro's needful share  
Of sleep requires to be less than the White's ;  
The ardor of his love display invites,  
But deals less in imagination than  
That of the more idealistic man,  
Whose finer organization leads to less  
Of animal preponderance and excess.  
The Black is more adventurous, while his grief  
More transient is, and quicker finds relief ;

Less he reflects; his reasoning powers are  
Decidedly inferior; by far  
His mind's best feature, memory,  
Which, equal to the White's is known to be;  
But not imagination: dull in the extreme  
This faculty—while but a partial gleam  
Of bright originality he shows—  
And no poetic tendency e'er glows  
Within his brain's dark chambers; or no turn  
For painting, sculpture, there in raptures burn!  
With quite as good an ear for music, still  
In composing he evinces little skill;  
And many other points of difference  
As great, exist between the two; 't is thence  
The line of demarcation is made clear.)  
The intermediate types distinct appear  
In color, feature, form, and attributes  
Progressive, even as they're shown in brutes—  
From low to high, and higher still, they're seen  
In man. We also see, there was, between  
The production of each varied species,  
In the earth's temperature a sure decrease,  
Evolving new conditions, so, to bring  
The next advancing type within the ring.

And thus, the next above the Negro, is  
The Malay. Of a blackish brown is his  
Complexion, broad his nose, and coarse and straight  
His hair. Inhabitant of all the great  
Broad chain of islands in the Southern Sea,  
And most of the East Indian isles is he.  
And scarcely less a savage than the first  
Of *homo*, in his roving life and thirst  
For wild adventure. And his skull is found  
By the phrenologist, but to abound  
In characters, which tho' they plainly tell  
Of energy and courage, yet as well  
Of stubbornness and harshness there that be,  
And intellectual incapacity  
Extreme, combined with selfishness :  
While every talent requisite to bless  
And to improve mankind, defective is ;  
And ideality is so small in his  
Development, that 't is not strange we find  
Him in the social scale so far behind  
His European brethren. And it is  
Because the animal preponderates, that his  
Cannibalistic habits operate ;  
For most of these savage hordes will satiate

Their appetite for blood, and roast and eat,  
Not only enemies, but—to complete,  
If possible, their barbarism—make  
Their bestial meals on infants ; or they take  
Revenge in this way, on absconding slaves,  
Nor lay restrictions on the act by halves.  
And like atrocities prove them to be  
Not far removed above the brute.

We see

The next advance in human order, lies  
Within that land arched o'er by Western skies,  
Where giant mountain ranges fortified  
The wide-spread plains, and the exultant tide  
Of grand Niagara shouted forth its praise  
To the Most High ! and gave, in rainbow rays,  
An everlasting arch, as covenant  
Of Peace to be o'er that broad land extant,  
When the vast wilderness should, as the rose,  
Bloom in serene, majestic repose ;  
The tomahawk and scalping-knife give way  
Before the march of empire—the noonday  
Sun of civilization !

Yes, 't is He,

The Red Man of the forest, now, that we



Must introduce upon the theater  
Of mortal life. For he was, we infer  
From doubtless proofs that nature gives, the third  
Species of mankind—and surely born to herd  
Where range the bear, and elk, and buffalo.  
Remove him from his forest home, in wo  
Untold you steep him; for the glorious light  
Of the great Sun, the sparkling stars of night,  
The springing sapling and the russet brown  
Of autumn's leaf, the meadow's emerald down,  
The flight of swallows in the early spring,  
The changing plumage of each warbler's wing;  
Each varied garb that Nature dons at will,  
Each mighty river and each tiny rill;  
Each footprint on the forest's path of leaves,  
Or curious house of silk the insect weaves;  
Each line of fog above a water-course,  
Or blasted pine, or foaming torrent, hoarse  
With screaming to the rocks; each blade of grass  
That waves a welcome when the wild winds pass,  
And every tree, shrub, bush, or bended twig,  
Is to his eye with nature's teachings big!  
The only volume on whose page he'll look  
Is *her* illimitable, mighty book;

The only logic that his reason heeds,  
Is to divine all motives by their deeds;  
His only creed (not versed in written word),  
To "look thro' nature up to nature's God!"

In this untutored forest child, we see  
High reverence for an unknown Deity—  
A great pervading Spirit! by whose power  
And will, all things live out their destined hour.  
A mighty Spirit! who not only gives  
The earthly lodge wherein each warrior lives,  
The grand old woods where he may track the deer,  
The prairie's herds for his amusement here—  
But, in that land beyond the setting sun,  
Where each Brave goes when mortal combat's  
done,

He spreads the "Happy Hunting-Grounds" for  
his

Red children! O, let us despise not this  
High prompting in the savage heart, which tells  
Of life beyond the grave! What tho' there swells  
From his bloodthirsty lip, the wild war-whoop,  
And in fierce torture he disdains to stoop  
To supplication—tho' he's treacherous,  
Revengeful, cruel, cunning; still, with us,

Who claim to be enlightened, he must share  
A meed of praise; for rude and wild as are  
His habits, still he reverences all things  
Which appertain to Deity, and brings  
The human standard nearer to the goal  
Where the immortal promptings of the soul  
Are heard thro' the dull clay.

True, that with him,  
We find this principle is sadly dim  
In moral aptitudes; and but arrays  
The life to come with hue of mortal days,  
And crowned with pleasures for the pulse of sense  
To throb to—not the heavenly raptures, whence  
The soul of intellect drinks in new light!  
But shaded with the drapery of earth's night,  
When the long-dormant spirit first begins  
To plume itself for higher flight, and wins,  
In the mere effort, glimpses of a sphere  
Of happier being than surrounds it here—  
Of immortality and endless bliss,  
In higher realms when toil is o'er in this!  
And if that future is thus clothed with joys,  
That here below please with their gilded toys;  
'Tis that the spirit yet is in its youth,

Nor reached the portal of its manhood's truth ;  
But trammelled with dull matter's leading-strings,  
Which blend their earthly hues with heavenly  
things,

Thus coloring all its high imaginings—  
It looks to that bright land to come, as one  
Of animal enjoyment. Yet, begun,  
The soul's high questioning in the Indian's breast,  
Which bids it ask a higher, better rest  
Than earth affords, and seek a God above  
The wooden deity of Pagan love ;  
An All-wise God that made all things ; not one,  
By *man* constructed from a block or stone.

And surely here are dawnings of a light  
That yet should chase the blackness of the night  
Of Heathenism, and progressing on  
To broader daylight, fall in rays upon  
The sacred mount whereon the living God  
Gave to enlightened man his holy Word !  
When Sinai's Hill in bright effulgence shone,  
And to the ripened creature of his own  
Progressive work, he gave his laws supreme,  
To govern ALL, when full and wide the stream  
Of golden glory, from the coming Sun

Of Christianity, should fall upon  
The desert's palm, the islands of the sea,  
The bright, "all-perfect day" that's yet to be,  
When kindreds, nations, tongues, with rapt accords,  
Shall own him "King of kings and Lord of  
lords!"

The next advancing human grade, to these,  
America's wild aborigines,  
Is the Mongolian type, and perfect found,  
Within the guarded, walled, forbidden ground  
Of the Celestial Empire; where the eye  
Of curiosity in vain may pry  
To gain the secret of each quaint device,  
Or queer contrivance; where chop-sticks and rice,  
Souchong and pig-tails flourish; and the Sun,  
High on his amber throne, is looked upon  
As the Omnipotent, Omniscient One!  
The idol of their worship.

Nor can we,  
To whom more light's been given, fail to see  
In this idolatry, a beauty still;  
For what more calculated is, to fill  
The mind with awe, sublimity, than yon  
Bright orb, whose fiery feet glide noiseless on

The sapphire walls of space? whose glowing  
eyes

Bring morn's soft blushes to the pale-faced skies;  
Whose golden locks fall in a yellow rain  
To fructify and fertilize each plain;  
Whose breathings warm unseal the flowers' closed  
lips,

And opening leaf, unfolding blossom, sips  
The mild, ethereal nectar, till it blooms  
In glowing raiment—all, from night's dark  
tombs

Rising to matins pure, devotional—  
Each morning's praises, resurrectional,  
That float from lawn and grove, mount, vale and  
plain,

When Death's twin-sister, Sleep, gives up again  
Her charge, and Sol's bright wand sweeps back  
the pall

Of darkness from the earth's green couch, and all  
Of animated nature in the grand  
Anthem join, to hail his advent bland,  
As up the orient's jeweled steps he lies,  
Day's light-crowned king, whose throne is in the  
skies!

No wonder, then, that man, by reason taught  
To look for cause where'er effect is wrought,  
Should, in his primitive intelligence,  
Turn to that orb's refulgent splendor, whence  
All things are touched with glory, and there  
find

Presumptive evidence of power, combined  
With light, life-giving attributes and heat  
Dispensing properties—in fact, complete  
Investments of each wondrous quality,  
Unscientific minds to Deity  
Ascribe—and learn to love and worship, this  
The source of every blessing known in his  
Experience.

This worship still will last  
Until the heavy cloud the night has cast—  
The night of mental darkness—parts its fold,  
As glimmers from the better time, foretold  
In prophet vision, rend the mist to let  
The daylight in, whose rising Sun will set  
Not; but widening to a broad stream  
Of living glory, brightening in the gleam  
Of light divine, shall flow o'er every land,  
And “Bramah” fall at the Divine command!

Unhallowed Ganges' waves give up the ghost  
Of buried Paganism; and the host  
Of heathen, at Messiah's feet lay down  
Their impious rites, and own the Thorny Crown  
As brighter gem than "Vishnu's" diamond eyes;  
And feel within their souls, more merit lies  
In crucifying selfish passions, than  
In fanatic prostrations in the van  
Of Juggernaut's triumphal car!

Roll on,

O Earth! and haste the time—for see, upon  
The mount the watchman stands, and waits to hail  
The coming light, whose noonday shall prevail,  
When ALL shall join the anthem: "Blessed is he  
That cometh in the name of the Lord!" and be  
Bound with the cords of love and unity!

We now come to the last, best type of all  
The human race, upon this rolling ball,  
Spontaneously formed: the Caucasian.  
In color, form, proportions, we may scan  
All other species, none with this compare;  
For elegance symmetrical we there  
With beauty find combined; at least, what WE  
Consider such; for other people see



With other eyes—as the stained fingers, lips  
Of indigo, black brows and red toe-tips  
Of the Arabian belle; the crippled feet  
Of Chinese beauty; and the most complete  
Of checker-boards the Hottentot imprints  
Upon her body, in decided tints  
Of red and black, to captivate the eye;  
The Greenland women's blue and yellow dye  
With which they stain their faces; and  
The tattooed beauties on the golden strand  
Of the Pacific Ocean, plainly tell;  
And also, of barbaric tastes that dwell  
In human bosoms. For in these we find  
No homage paid to mighty, godlike mind!  
'Tis in the true Caucasian type we see  
Alone, this principle complete, to be  
The means, as time progresses, to subdue  
The savage, quell the rude, and plant the true  
And perfect principles of mortal life;  
And barbarism, butchery, and strife,  
Will be remembered only as the clouds  
Which veil the sunrise, when earth's mist en-  
shrouds  
The couch of morn with waving draperies gray;

But, as the warm, bright sun (like truth) away  
To the high zenith springs, his piercing ray  
Parts the dun curtain, and lets in the light,  
And to the dark dominions of the night,  
The cloud-like mist descends; so mind will yet  
O'er matter triumph; and the world forget  
In the bright future that is still to be,  
That superstition, wrong, and cruelty  
E'er marred the human race!

But all in time  
This happy change will be. The passing chime  
Of centuries must sound the dirge of each  
Old fallacy or rotten creed, to teach  
Immortal truths to man! Bigots may *preach*  
Of universal charity and love,  
The while their *lives* the contrary doth prove—  
Or rear His standard as the Prince of Peace!  
And claim to be disciples, yet ne'er cease  
To throw the gauntlet at their fellow-man  
Who different views has of Almighty plan;  
Or place a stumbling-block where humble feet  
Would climb, to bend before the mercy-seat;  
And clothe their king with thunders such as Jove  
Would hurl—not sweet, forgiving smiles of love,

To lure the sinner back to beaten track—  
But with the torturing whip, the scourge, the rack  
Of fierce anathema, pour forth a blast  
Of dark revenge to be, for errors past,  
Taken by Him, the *God of Mercy!*

See,

When the bleeding Savior hung upon the tree,  
Upon his foes he cast his pitying eyes,  
Then raised them meekly to the lowering skies,  
And prayed: "Father, forgive them, for they know  
Not what they do!" And this the love below—  
*This* the bright spirit which o'er earth must sweep  
Her radiant wings, her tireless vigils keep,  
Ere lambs with lions couch—ere man for man  
Feels as for self! Meek charity the van  
Must take in human hearts, and tender, pitying love,  
For weak mortality—ere, like a dove,  
Sweet Peace, with all her blessings in her train,  
Will soft descend, and, like the summer's rain,  
Waken to life the flowers of gentleness,  
Dear buds of hope to comfort and to bless,  
While seeds of promise quicken fast to life  
Beneath her genial influence—which strife,  
With harsh breathings, else had chilled.

O man !

Thy brother's *nature* strictly, strictly scan,  
Ere censuring him ; and then, pause, still pause,  
And for his weakness, mayhap, a cause  
Will show itself, which will your pity wake,  
And banish hatred for compassion's sake  
Thus, in your heart you'll plant a goodly seed,  
To bring forth tenfold for the spirit's need ;  
To bear immortal fruit whose bright'ning bloom  
Will gild thy passage to the darksome tomb,  
And branching there, to brighter skies, will spread  
In fadeless laurels o'er your victor head !  
For, who so great a conqueror, as he  
O'er *self* victorious ? and who yet can see  
A *fellow-being* in the outcast one  
Whom the self-righteous Pharisee doth shun,  
And by a word of kindness, aptly said,  
Pour balm on wounds that long have inly bled ;  
Heal the dark sore of sin by gentle word,  
And lead an erring brother back to God !

These, the conditions, which to man will bring  
The ethereal mildness of Millennium spring,  
When human hearts with gentle pity flow,  
And brother seeks to heal a brother's wo,

And o'er a brother's weakness drop a tear  
Instead of meeting it with scoff and jeer—  
For *all* are mortal, and all flesh is prone  
To wander ; but, when mighty mind shall own  
Dominion, and shall join with love and faith  
To conquer sin, then, then the victor's wreath  
Shall crown mortality ; and man below  
Foretaste the joys celestial, which glow  
Where disembodied souls, from matter free,  
Expand and brighten thro' eternity !  
Where the glad spirit, on its new-born wings  
Escaped the binding cord of earthly things,  
Looks back on sin's dark night as sorrow past,  
And hails the welcome light that's dawned at  
last,  
When naught can stay its upward flight.

The soul—

No more, by weight of animal control,  
Compelled to sit in judgment on the deeds  
Of the poor, erring body—far exceeds  
In splendor, what the eye or heart of man  
Has ever dreamed of—in its reaching span  
To grasp the good, the beautiful, the pure ;  
And when 't is landed on the crystal shore

Of the Eternal River, freed from sense  
And all its penalties—expansive, thence,  
It brighter glows with gems of thought refined,  
And stands, th' embodiment of glorious mind;  
That link, which God designed should unite man  
With angels, in his grand, progressive plan!

And God's great laws, unceasing, slow, and  
sure,  
Are working earth's redemption evermore;  
Tho' man, in his blind ignorance, fails to see  
In many things, the hand of Deity  
That's molding up the plastic clay of thought  
To higher points of interest, and fraught  
With rich revealings—Truth's unfolding light  
Intensifying, as its radiance bright  
Rolls back the darkness of the mental night  
Shrouding the past. Old things give way to new,  
As the world waxeth to the full and true  
Perception of the grand and beautiful,  
The reasonable and the dutiful;  
And manners, customs, habits, feelings change,  
As greater scope is given the mind to range  
In nature's storehouses, there to explore  
Her mysteries and read her ancient lore,

And see in all things wisdom, love, and power,  
Assigning to each blade of grass, each flower,  
Or stately tree, each rain-drop, spring, or flood,  
Its portion toward the universal good ;  
And every insect, animal, or race,  
Its fitting attributes and proper place,  
To exist *while needed*, then, to pass away ;  
And new conditions, with the old's decay,  
Dawn into being.

View our own loved land,  
By nature fashioned in appointments grand.  
Once, its bold rocks, huge forests, mighty lakes,  
High towering mountains, and deep tangled  
brakes,  
Wide-spreading prairies, flowing rivers, free,  
All a vast wilderness was known to be,  
Where the fierce wolf couched in his rocky lair  
And roamed the panther, and wild grizzly bear ;  
Or Red Man tracked the elk with bended bow,  
While timid deer lurked in the covert low ;  
And flashing from Niagara's sheet of light  
The "council fire," reflected clear and bright ;  
Or where the Mississippi valley spread  
In wild luxuriance, the measured tread

Of painted warriors broke the deep repose,  
As the exultant "death-song" fierce, uprose  
From some poor victim at the fiery stake,  
Who scorned one faint entreaty there to make ;  
And where the mighty river wanders o'er  
His clayey bed—each bluff or wood-crowned shore  
Echoed the shrill war-whoop, both fierce and  
free ;

Yet, thro' the thick foliage of each tree,  
The peaceful calumet sent wreathy smoke,  
And songs of savage joy the silence broke.  
But now, the Red Man's reign is o'er—his day  
Has run its limit—and away, away  
From earth he's swept, no longer needed there ;  
But, with the wolf, the panther, and the bear,  
He flies before that onward march, which sows  
The wilderness with myrtle and the rose.  
He leaves that lovely land, designed to be  
The cradling-place of heaven-born Liberty !  
Where for a time he flourished ; but where now  
The leveling ax, the saw, the spade, the plow,  
Have spread broad fields, and towns and cities  
rise,  
With gilded spires that point to brighter skies !



This noble Western World, fair Freedom's car!  
Had higher destiny, more glorious far,  
Than the rude savages' broad hunting-ground  
To be, thro' circling ages' ceaseless round.  
But still, when haunt of creatures fierce and wild,  
No fitter habitant than "forest child"  
(Which cognomen's the Indian's birthright, clear),  
Could be by Wisdom placed as ruler here.  
No longer wanted—see, he passes on  
His sunset path, where myriad Braves have gone;  
And, let us hope, to find that spirit-rest  
In the Hereafter's regions of the blest!

Here, then, is seen how manifold the ways  
Of Providence! We, in enlightened days,  
Who o'er the past send a far-reaching glance,  
Can see each step progressively advance  
To the *still distant but still nearing* goal  
Where sense will yield supremacy to soul;  
Where present wrong will turn to future right,  
And day succeed the gloomy, darksome night;  
Can see Truth's glimmer, faint and far, 't is true—  
But o'er the dead Old World 't will burst with new  
And higher glory, when our rising star  
Shall culminate, and spread its light afar;

And ancient empires, thrones, and kingdoms quake,  
As shouts of "freedom" from this broad land  
break—

Atlantic's shores echo the watchword wide,  
And broad Pacific's ever-flowing tide  
Bears the hosanna on to distant lands,  
And mighty floods, all-joyful, clap their hands,  
And spread glad tidings far from Pole to Pole,  
Where wild winds blow or foaming oceans roll,  
Lighting a spark, a quenchless spark, to rise,  
When once 't is kindled, flaming to the skies!  
A tiny ball, which, gaining as it goes,  
Falls in an avalanche like mountain snows,  
And with resistless force sweeps all aside,  
And buries wrong, oppression, pomp, and pride,  
Beneath its pure, unsullied, spotless garb,  
Heaven's matchless ermine, man's protective barb,  
The banner of the just, the good, the true,  
Which yields to mind and soul their being's due!

"From little acorns mighty oaks arise!"

This proverb fleeting time still verifies.

The seedling of a giant tree was sown,  
When the stanch Pilgrims freely left their own  
Fair land to tread these Western wilds, and raise

Unchecked their prayers and unrebuked their  
praise!

Self-exiled from their homes, with hearts as true  
As finest-tempered steel, to brave (tho' few  
Their numbers) all the savage hosts, before  
They'd yield their right their Maker to adore  
As conscience dictated. The germ, thus laid  
In genial soil, now spreads a grateful shade  
From wide-spread foliage, o'er the happy land  
Where Freedom's banner floats on breezes bland;  
Where a blest nation rears its honored head  
From conquered Despotism's ashes red;  
The eagle, Liberty, on heavenward wings,  
Soars on triumphant, or exultant sings,  
From cloud-capped eyrie, anthems grand that  
swell

To pæans glorious, and sound the knell  
Of dark Oppression—till each fettered soil  
Looks up from gyves and serfdom's forced toil,  
To catch the refrain rolling o'er the sea,  
And brave hearts echo, "FREE! WE WILL BE  
FREE!"

Yes! Yes! ALL will be free in time—in time;  
But Liberty's a plant that every clime

Must raise *spontaneously*, ere a firm hold  
Its root can take! All *forcing*, we are told,  
Produces sickly growth; and Nature, true  
To all her instincts, thus, must first induce  
The mind with proper attributes, and give  
The energies for freedom's plant to live  
And flourish; then the pruning-knife may be  
Applied, to lop from the yet budding tree  
Its useless branches, to condense its strength,  
And goodly foliage 'twill yield at length;  
Nourished by proper soil, its growth will be  
Proportionate to any native tree,  
That under genial airs and kindred skies,  
Lifts its crowned head with plumes of varied dyes,  
And to the passing breeze may bend, not break—  
The forest's king, which tempests fail to shake!  
With heart of oak and brow undimmed by age  
'Twill stand, the youthful hero and the sage;  
Firm at the core, but pleasing to the eye—  
The green-bay-tree, heaven-grafted, Liberty!

The mind has its conditions: soul and sense  
Must work harmonious, ere progressive thence  
Springs ripe fruition. Not where thistles thrive  
Will plenteous crops be gathered! Man, alive

Tho' he may be to his high attributes,  
Which place him far, so far above dumb brutes,  
Must feel the promptings of immortal mind  
And will indomitable ; these, combined,  
The despot's gilded throne can overthrow ;  
For mind is power and will is might, below !  
And when this dual force is brought to bear,  
The strongest fetters burst—dissolve in air ;  
Earth's adamantine monarchies give way,  
And Freedom's sun pours down its golden ray,  
As broad it shines on our own land to-day !

Blestland ! the honored birthplace and the grave  
Of him who would have given his life to save  
Thy sons from despotism's iron rule,  
But scorned to be a tyrant's slave or tool.  
O, shout exultant to thy peaceful skies  
His name ! and as the sound still echoing flies  
From fame's high mount, 't will give—that patriot  
cry—

A mold for gods to fashion heroes by !  
For where's the land can boast another son,  
To equal thine, thy noble Washington ?  
O, proudly rear thy head, "Queen of the West,"  
And own thyself, o'er all, supremely blest ;

And keep the trust his lips to thee have given  
As thou wouldst answer it before High Heaven.  
For see, a cloud, no bigger than man's hand,  
Is creeping o'er thy atmosphere so bland,  
To spread and blacken the fair soil afar  
With all the horrors of intestine war,  
And civil feud; where brother brother meets  
As mortal foe, and enmity completes  
What anarchy began. Pause, brethren, pause!  
Respect each other's rights, our country's laws,  
Ere wickedly attempting to undo  
The floodgates of rank discord, and imbrue  
With native blood our rising empire's sod—  
Once spake that country's savior next to God!

And what this threatened wo, this tiny cloud  
Whose spreading will our prospects fair en-  
shroud?

The spirit of Dictation! that would wrest  
Another's right of thought from his own breast,  
And sever cords of unity and love  
Whose links were twined in the bright realms  
above;

Whose rights were purchased by our fathers brave  
Who nobly fought and bled their land to save,

And dying, left the heritage to those  
As brothers joined, but now, almost as foes  
Arrayed with hostile feelings, just because  
They differ in regard to freedom's laws;  
And hot, vituperative, random speech  
Is rolling ever to increase the breach,  
Till discord riots o'er the tottering land.  
And, as a house divided can not stand—  
So, with these discords, the broad Union shakes;  
The arching firmament with terror quakes,  
Lest from our banner's spangled azure fold  
Its sister stars should leave their glorious hold,  
And 'mid the ruin of their universe  
Die out in darkness! Heaven forbid, this curse  
Should ever blot our fair escutcheon!

List!

Ye sowers of dissension, nor insist  
That you've the right to point your brethren's  
course,  
Which, should they follow, still would lead to worse  
Conditions than exist—list to the voice  
Of reason! and not rashly make the choice  
That severs all our bonds of brotherhood;  
Clipped by rank Faction's discontented brood

Of meddlers, cloaked in piety's broad garb,  
To hide the point of foul dissension's barb,  
And under pretense of philanthropy  
Plant hatred, violence, and anarchy  
In kindred soil. Ah! 't is no feeling pure,  
(An empty boast), but simply to insure  
*A right to dictate to the rest*, and show  
The North will teach the South the way to go!  
'Tis not true horror of "*vile slavery*"  
Calls forth this bombast of great bravery,  
Or sympathy for the poor Negro lends  
A strength to wield the battle-ax, and tends  
To lessen the deep horror of these broils,  
These family dissensions and turmoils!  
O brothers, ALL, both North and South, I pray  
Give ear to me, and hearken to my lay,  
The while I prove to thee, the hand of God  
Holds over Africa the divining rod,  
To lift from barbarism's horrid hold  
Her sunk humanity, whose hidden gold  
Were worthless else, with savage dross o'ergrown,  
Which to subdue, no better means are known  
Than those of a judicious slavery.  
Not the foul bondage coined by knavery



And represented to exist where rolls  
The white-capped waves of bursting cotton bolls,  
And fields of sugar-cane, luxuriant spread  
Beneath a fiery sun's fierce, burning tread;  
But such a thralldom as superior powers  
May lay on weaker, in this world of ours,  
When soul and sense unite to point the way  
To better things, to *humanize* the clay  
Of savagism! And this, *God permits*  
*To be, while needed*, as a means that fits  
The Negro to receive his Word, and kiss  
The chastening rod that points to future bliss!

We must deny the Bible's holy word  
To say that slavery came not from God!  
On its blest pages read we duty there  
To *slave and master* both assigned. And where  
The palmy days of Israel rose, 't is shown  
That slavery existed; and 't is known  
The Christian Dispensation recognized  
Its justice, *now* so basely scandalized.  
And tho' the dawnings of a brighter day  
May glimmer from the distant future, say,  
Is the Negro *yet* endowed aright  
To govern self? And what (we ask in quite

A humble spirit), what is to become  
Of him, if from his comfortable home  
Emancipated, he is forced to flee?  
Left to himself, a savage he will be!  
This has been tried—in St. Domingo now  
View his barbarity; or else, he'll bow  
To some superior savage race, and be  
By greater force destroyed.

Ah! happier, he  
Well fed, well clothed, well cared for in that land  
Which fanatic reformers deeply brand  
(Those transcendental bigots, who can't see  
The never-failing ways of Deity,  
Nor hear the voice that in the wilderness  
Calls night and day the means of all redress,  
And in the *groaned-o'er*, falsely-pictured fate  
Of Africa, makes clear the path, and straight,  
For Him to enter—the Almighty One!)  
'They've yet to learn, the work that is begun  
By Providence, is never left undone;  
For God's will works in a mysterious way,  
Which men unconscious to themselves, obey,  
And coming light will part all dark'ning screens,  
And prove the end to justify the means;

And when the proper time has come, we'll see  
(What is not now the case) the Black will be  
Fitted, as is the White man, to be free!

We'll take a backward glance, and try to trace  
The rise of Slavery in the human race,  
At least, as far as mortal records show—  
And see what horror, agony, and wo,  
At one time stamped it with an iron heel;  
Then, view it *now*, and every heart will feel  
The present age is surely leading on  
To strike the hidden path, where lies the stone  
So vainly sought by alchemists of old,  
To turn all baser metals to pure gold—  
Designed the crowning glory yet to be  
Of man, the godlike scepter with which he  
Will right all wrongs, all grievances redress,  
Succor all weakness, soothe all dire distress,  
And plant the banner of the just and true  
To guard a world! to conquer and subdue  
All barbarisms, despotisms, bold;  
And turn these base alloys to finest gold!  
Gold in the furnace tried — like that which  
gleams  
From Free America in radiant beams,

To light the Old World's feeble steps along  
The path her brave young son has nobly gone,  
And in the footsteps of yon orb of fire  
From East to West, has mounted higher, higher  
Till in the zenith a broad noonday flame  
Lights all the glorious road by which he came,  
And writes in golden characters his fame!

## Slavery.

THE Book of books we confidently quote  
In reference to the past, doth plainly note  
The fact, that slavery existed when  
Good Noah (he who found above all men,  
Grace in the eyes of God) dwelt in the land  
Deluged, 'tis said, by the Divine command;  
For in the malediction breathed upon  
His younger and his most irreverent son,  
These words he used: "Accursed shall Canaan be,  
A servant's servant ever shall be he  
Unto his brethren,"—and by this, 'tis shown,  
That servitude 'mong men is fairly known  
To have existed ere the floods of heaven  
Poured forth, we're told, upon an unforgiven,  
Corrupt, and wicked generation; for,  
'Twas shortly after that fierce watery war  
Was said to have been waged, that Ham provoked  
His parent's ire, who vengeance dire invoked

On him and all his progeny—and hence  
We've grounds for the belief, that Slavery thence  
Has progressed 'mong the nations of the earth,  
And claims this far-removed and ancient birth.

Nimrod's the first that dealt in slaves, that we  
Can trace such dealings to. We're told, that he  
Became a mighty one upon the earth—

“A mighty hunter before the Lord!” Now,  
worth

Is given by commentators, to this clause,  
Proportionate to all translations' flaws—  
They give the literal meaning thus: “Of *men*  
A mighty hunter he became;” for then,  
By Scripture it appears, his conquests were  
Immense, the territories of Ashur  
Invaded were by him—he seized upon  
That far-famed city, Ancient Babylon,  
And made it what it was, the capital  
Of the first kingdom in the world! And shall  
We err in saying, that the captives ta'en  
In war by him, were forced to remain  
Bond-servants to the conqueror!

And 'tis seen

'Twas so—for seventy years scarce rolled between

The death of Nimrod and good Abraham's birth,  
Yet in that Patriarch's age there was no dearth  
Of servitude—in his own house were born  
Three hundred and eighteen slaves; and on that  
morn

When Siddam's vale rang with the din of war,  
And battle's issues, on the "Four Kings'" car  
Of triumph, captive placed his brother's son—  
He armed his "trained servants," every one,  
Pursued the conquerors unto Dan—by night  
Smote them, and still pursued to Hobah quite,  
Nor ceased till he'd recaptured all the spoil  
(He and his servants) of the bloody toil,  
And brought back women, goods, and *people*,  
too,

To Sodom's king—who generously, in view  
To reward him, said: "The *persons* give to me,  
And take the goods to thyself." By this, we see  
That each one thought the conqueror had a right  
To hold as slaves all captives ta'en in fight.  
And many other scriptural texts will show  
How valued then all bondsmen were; for so,  
The sacred writer Abraham's wealth describes—  
He says, that he had of men-servants, tribes,

And sheep and oxen, and he-asses, and  
Maid-servants, and she-asses, to command ;  
And camels. Such was also Jacob's dower,  
And Isaac's estimated wealth and power.

That Slavery was authorized by law  
Among the Israelites, we find no flaw  
In Holy Writ to contradict ; we see  
There, also, how all servants were to be  
Treated. First: They were to be bought alone  
Of heathen—for, if a poor Jew was known  
To sell himself either for food, or debt,  
The limits of his servitude were set  
To expire upon the year of Jubilee,  
If after six years' bondage he would be  
Considered still a servant—then, to show  
That from this service he declined to go,  
The master, with an awl, bored fast his ear  
To the door-post, to show that he would here  
Remain a slave till jubilee's blest year.  
But slaves for life, those bought and sold again,  
Or which as fixed inheritance remain  
In families forever, were of those  
Taken in war, the heathen, strangers, foes.  
Says Moses : “ Both thy bondmen and bondmaids



Shall be of the heathen." And he further adds :

"And ye shall take them as inheritance  
For your children after you." And if (as  
chance

Might be), a master beat a slave to death,  
He was not doomed by the unswerving breath  
Of justice stern, to pay the penalty  
Such crime exacts from high and low degree  
In human courts to-day—but simply was  
Punished proportionate unto the cause,  
As this was deemed sufficient. Such was then  
The power that man held o'er his fellows, men.

Ah! happy we to have outlived the time,  
And reached the borders of a milder clime,  
Where mercy and compassion's wreaths entwine,  
And justice and humanity combine  
To lighten fetters forged by direst need,  
Pour balm on wounds destined so long to bleed,  
Till bondage by sweet sympathy made light,  
Sees not its shackles, unless thrust in sight  
By self-styled friends! who rattle loud the  
chains,  
And the poor victim writhes 'neath fancied pains ;

The while these wolves clothed in their sheepskin  
garbs,

Sink deep their fangs, their sharp and poisoned  
barbs,

Which with their victim's life-blood mingles, and  
The tares of discontent on every hand

Spring up, and choke the better fruit whose bloom  
Was lighting the dark passage to the tomb,

Till these rank weeds o'erspread the kindly soil

- And crushed the produce of a better toil ;

Planting a bitter enmity 'twixt those—

Master and slave—who never should he foes ;

Tightening the latter's bonds and locking up

The former's sympathies. And this, the cup

Of bitterness, these meddlers mix for those

Poor idiots, who know not friends from foes !

Ah well ! there is a proverb old, doth say  
That mighty "Rome was not built in a day."

And let us hope these bigots yet will see

How false the path they've chosen. If to free

The Negro is their *only* end and aim—

And such the generous purpose they would claim—

We'll trust to time's all-powerful, potent test,

To prove their error, leaving God the rest !

His laws unceasing will work out their end,  
However men may strive or fools contend ;  
And when they cry, " A lion's at the door,"  
Before we fly we'll wait to hear him roar,  
Nor conjure beast-with *longer ears* to be  
The king at whose loud voice all creatures flee ;  
And go unflinching on our path, with faith  
That sober second thought will lay the wraith  
Of troubled Abolitionism low—  
That wandering spirit with perturbed brow !

Now turn we to that land by classic song  
And Homer's verse, immortal made among  
The lands of earth ! We find, that Slavery there,  
Despite its orators and heroes fair,  
Existed, and atrocities most foul  
Were perpetrated ; while the victim's howl  
Of anguish, music was most sweet to hear,  
To the ferocious conqueror's bestial ear.  
Such were the habits of the Greeks of old.  
And even in Alexander's time, we're told,  
That when he had rased Thebes, he seized and  
sold

Men, women, children, all for slaves. But still,  
The Spartans were most cruel—for with skill

They trained the Lacedemonian youth  
To practice all achievements void of truth,  
Purposely to deceive and butcher those  
Poor captives seized as slaves from out their foes.  
And this was but to show their progress in  
The stratagems of massacre, and win  
A base applause for deeds of wantonness  
'Gainst those who had no means of just redress.

Even Rome, imperial city of the East!  
Could boast but little over these—at least  
Till Christianity's mild rays shed holier light  
To turn brute force and question wrong and right.  
For the blood-stained arena's gory flow,  
The dark, inhuman, gladiatorial show;  
The stiffened corpse dragged thro' the circus' round  
(First scourged to death the slave was, and then  
bound

In his hand a fork in gibbet form); the dread  
And brutal Veditius Pollio's conduct; still must shed  
A nameless horror o'er those barbarous times,  
And cause us bless the ring of happier chimes.

In Sicily, during the commonwealth,  
Masters, to keep their slaves from march of  
stealth,

Branded their foreheads with an iron hot ;  
And one slaveholder ( Damophilus), not  
Content with this security, shut fast  
His slaves at night in prisons close, then pass'd  
Them out like beasts to daily work at morn.  
Thank Heaven, we now can hail a brighter dawn,  
Tho' fleecy clouds *may* hang upon its brow,  
Their silver edges tell how bright the glow  
Behind them—a radiance which shall pierce  
The farthest limits of the universe,  
When rolling time shall reach the point at last  
Where misty doubts, into Faith's ocean cast,  
Resolve themselves to pearls of truth and love,  
To gleam and scintillate in courts above!

A milder form of Slavery prevailed  
Among the ancient Germans. This assailed  
Not wantonly its subjects, nor imposed  
Undue exactions ; slaves were not exposed  
To cruel treatment. Attached to the soil,  
And working and improving it their toil,  
With tending cattle, they could neither be  
Made articles of commerce nor yet free.  
The only ones that could be bought and sold,  
Were freemen who had lost themselves for gold ;

For it was no uncommon thing to see  
 An ardent gamester stake his liberty  
 Upon a dice's turn; the victor then  
 Could sell his property to other men.  
 But the condition of the slave still seems  
 To have been much better than the savage gleams  
 Thrown from the annals of the polished Greeks  
 And Romans.

Then, by one of those strange freaks  
 Of retrogression, which sometimes exist  
 'Mong nations on this "island in the mist;"  
 The Anglo-Saxons seem not to have been  
 So honorable in this traffic as we've seen  
 Were their Teutonic forefathers. As when  
 Alfred (he, surnamed "the Great") pass'd 'mong  
 men

A law forbidding purchase of a *man*,  
 A *horse*, an *ox*, without a voucher: can  
 We doubt, the statute was but to prevent  
 The *stealing* of such property? This bent  
 Must have prevailed to have called forth the law.  
 And, to apply an almost worn-out "saw:"  
 "'T is a poor rule that will not work both ways,"  
*Men* must have been property in those days,

Otherwise, why steal them?

A species too

Of slavery, alike to that which thro'  
The German States held sway, existed in  
The Kingdom of Great Britain, till within  
The last three centuries. And this is seen  
From a commission issued by the Queen,  
The famous Queen Elizabeth of yore,  
In fifteen hundred and seventy-four,  
Inquiring 'bout the lands and goods of all  
Her *bondmen* and *bondwomen* in Cornwall,  
Devon, Somerset, and Gloucester,  
In order that they might compound with her  
For manumission, and enjoy their lands  
And goods as freemen. So, the matter stands  
Till now. A work of later years has been  
To free the Colliers, Salters—who were seen  
To have endured a wretched serfdom, worse  
Than negro-slavery's much quoted curse.  
Doomed in dark mines, to wear life's threads  
away,  
Robbed of God's precious gift, the light of day!  
And even their wretched children born to share  
The curse, which shut them from sunshine and air,

Till little better than the grub, they crept  
Thro' their dark holes in mother earth, or slept  
A sort of waking sleep—for intellect,  
Crushed by the nightmare, darkness, can't reflect  
The hues prismatic which life-giving light  
Calls forth victorious o'er the brooding night,  
And in an apathetic torpor run  
Their race, destined to end where it begun!

So far, so good; and England acted well  
In freeing those poor wretches doomed to dwell  
In earth's dark bowels—for, of the same race  
These sons of toil held with her equal place  
In human grade—but stepped she not too far  
In leaving her West India door ajar,  
And vesting savages with powers and rights,  
To equal sway with more enlightened Whites?  
And what's the result, this vaunted labor free  
Has brought to her? Where once there used to  
be

Most ample stores of tropical produce,  
The soil, from dire neglect and rank misuse,  
Scarce yields supplies for home consumption—  
while  
Fair Cuba's sugar-fields prolific smile;



Her green tobacco waves in fragrance sweet,  
And fills the holds of many a noble fleet.  
And why? Because *right* management and toil  
Bring out the richness of the generous soil—  
The White man's intellect, the Negro's strength,  
Are brought to bear, and harvest comes at length.

But, as the Negro will not work unless  
Compelled, why lay such monstrous, direful stress  
Upon his slavery, which brings to him .  
Comforts he'd never have the will to win  
If left to himself? This, England knows full well,  
And free Jamaica's sterile fields now tell,  
The world would suffer for supplies of those  
Commodities, on which it vainly throws  
The obloquy of "slavery's products;" *while*  
*The want of them would hardly cause a smile,*  
If on "free labor" we'd depend, to give  
These necessities by which millions live.  
For *White men* can not stand a tropic sun,  
And *Blacks, by nature fitted for it*, won  
Can never be by *hire* to do more work  
Than will keep off starvation; they will *shirk*  
(To use a Yankee phrase) all that they can,  
Are naturally lazy to a man.

Why is it sinful, then, to take them from  
The barbarous wilds of Afric, where they roam  
But little else than brutes—and give them homes,  
And turn to *men* these dark ungainly gnomes?  
Will any other means ere civilize  
These savages, beneath our Christian skies?  
Or, setting that aside—must these fair lands  
Remain as deserts 'neath our helpless hands,  
When means are known on earth, if well employed,  
To cause them yield what we've so long enjoyed?  
Nor only us—the workers have their share;  
Well fed, well clad, and taught both praise and  
prayer—

Saved from the darker horrors that await  
Less fortunate companions in a state  
Of barbarism still in their own land,  
Stamped as it's always been with savage brand,  
And made their being's aim to understand.  
That Africa at any time was free  
From the most horrid forms of slavery,  
All history forbids us to suppose.  
There, tribe 'gainst tribe, arrayed as mortal foes,  
Enslave each other. 'Mong the ancient race  
As far back as we've records left to trace,

Even to the era of the Trojan war,  
We find Phœnicia trading with Lybia for  
Her slaves ; and Carthage, which was known to be  
No more than a Phœnician colony,  
Following the customs of its parent state,  
Still carried on the traffic with the great  
Interior tribes of that wild, desert land,  
Where burning sunbeams flow o'er parched sand,  
And the tall palm-tree with its high plumed head,  
Scarce deigns a strip of grateful shade to shed ;  
But miles of sterile, unproductive land  
Stretch far and wide around on every hand,  
With only here and there a little dot  
Of verdure, a grass-grown and welcome spot  
That marks a water-course ; and which the cry  
Of thirsty camel tells, ere man can spy,  
That 't is the blest oasis which they near  
To yield their worn-out strength its grateful cheer.

And still in modern times her sons are seen  
Subjected unto bondage. They had been  
Made slaves of by the nations of the earth  
At a much earlier period than the birth  
Of European slavery of the race.  
'Tis proved beyond a doubt, that we can trace

A trade in slaves to have been carried on  
By Arabs wild, previous to this, upon  
The coast of Guinea—e'en some hundred years  
Before the incursive Portuguese appears  
Upon the western coast, or e'er had seen  
A woolly-headed Negro. 'Twas between  
The war of the Crusaders in the year  
Eleven hundred (when it doth appear  
That Europeans first obtained a sight  
Of Africans, which caused their army quite  
A burst of merriment), and that fierce time—  
Some cycles back in rolling centuries' chime—  
When Nubia's king, sore harassed by the host  
Of bold Egyptian Arabs, who did boast  
Mohammed as their God, agreed to send  
By way of tribute—and also, to tend  
Toward lessening these annoyances—a vast  
Number of Nubian slaves to Egypt. Fast  
To this covenant held, each year was he  
Then forced to drain on neighboring bands; we  
see,  
He bought the Blacks of Guinea, whom he  
paid  
In tribute to the Calif—thus the trade

May have been said to have commenced abroad,  
Tho' long prevailing 'mong each native horde  
In the interior.

That this was so,  
To prove, we need no farther backward go  
Than the last century. The Dahomans,  
One of the wild interior's warlike clans,  
Had never seen a White man till the year  
Seventeen hundred and twenty-seven; and here,  
Their prince and army met some travelers  
In Sabi, and were so shocked, it appears,  
At their complexion and their dress, they were  
Afraid to approach them, and were heard demur  
As to their being *men* until they spoke;  
Then satisfied that it was not a joke,  
They yet were much astonished when informed  
That *these* were buyers of the slaves that swarmed  
For purchasers upon the Guinea coast.  
Yet these Dahomans, most inhuman, boast  
Such horrid cruelties to such poor slaves  
As chance they hold, that a wretch freely braves  
The unknown good that may in foreign chains  
Be found, to native bondage with its stains  
Of cannibalism, its most monstrous rites,

Unholy usages and shocking sights !  
Such is, we find, the present state of things  
In Africa ; and this conviction brings  
Us to the inquiry : Where will we see  
In the world's annals, a community  
Composed of Negroes, that have ever been  
So well off as our slaves ? Better ('t is seen  
By the distress and want that wide prevailed  
In late disastrous times, and fierce assailed  
The working classes of the North) by far,  
Is their condition, than nine-tenths that are  
Compelled to earn their all by labor free ;  
For, let a "panic" stop the wheels, and see,  
The *poor* man is the sufferer ; no right  
Has he to "daily bread," unless his mite  
Of work is added to the general stock.  
And, as "retrenchment" bids the master lock  
His coffers, and reduce his working hands,  
Minus employment, the poor laborer stands  
But little chance of shutting his slight door  
On wolf-like hunger's fierce and maddening  
    roar.

Not so our well-fed Negroes. Housed and warm,  
They, unconcerned, abide the wildest storm

That shakes the base of the commercial world,  
Nor heed the rudest tempest ever hurled  
From speculation's giddy highs. For them  
Decline of stocks no terror has; they stem  
The tide of life, sure of a hand to save  
From every 'whelming billow and each wave  
Of want that o'er the working White man rolls.  
Their bodily requirements met—their souls,  
Exhumed from the foul rubbish and neglect  
Of savage ignorance, can full reflect  
The beams of Christianity's bright sun;  
Showing how well the work that was begun  
Long years ago for their advancement, is  
Progressing to its end of future bliss!

‘O Shame! where is thy blush,” that in such  
cause

Wild fanatics should, 'spite their country's laws,  
And in the face of verdict just, see flaws  
To cavil at? Such men would, doubtless, see  
Motes in the eyes of Truth? A class, a flea  
Would choke, but who, without grimace or gag,  
Can swallow camels whole! For loud they brag  
Of tireless efforts in behalf of those  
Who 're well protected from privation's woes,

While brothers round them starve for want of  
work,

And sisters, under master fierce as Turk,  
Stitch, for a pittance, their life-threads away,  
Yet mourn they for the slave, more blest than  
they,

Who, free from care, with childlike confidence  
Looks for protection, comfort (*competence*,  
Compared to those poor creatures' ill supplies),  
To him who seldom want or wish denies.  
For the "good servant" knows his lord will yield  
Increase to him whose talent in the field  
Lies buried not—the laborer will find  
He's worthy of his hire; and master kind  
Supplies the mental force that can direct  
The Negro's muscle. Thus, our land is decked  
With the rich crops by which we want defy,  
And White and Black have plentiful supply.

And yet this happy state of things must be  
Made a vain pretext for rank anarchy,  
Seditious speech, and wordy war, by those  
Whose pretense *friendship* is, but who are foes  
Of direst, deadliest import to our land  
Blest in its own mild government to stand;



Which, with unholy zeal, they seek to change,  
And all our articles of faith derange;  
Assuming to themselves a paramount  
Ability to dictate, o'er the Fount  
Whence all our blessings are derived—and raise  
A new law-code, a better form of praise  
Than our forefathers gave, who left the soil  
And Constitution without stain, when toil  
For freedom ended. Wisely they assigned  
*Each one his place*, nor thought, when they con-  
signed

The Negro to the ranks of servitude  
(The fit condition for his nature rude),  
The policy would ere be questioned. But  
Our country's "faster" grown since then, and  
soot

O'er ivory soars in bigots' brains, who see  
Not what a trial vaunted liberty  
Becomes to Sambo, when he's forced to earn  
By his own wits, his livelihood, and learn  
To think for himself. [A phrase unknown  
In his vocabulary.] They disown  
All fair approaches to the truth, and seek  
To cover purpose foul with aspect meek;

And if permitted, ne'er will cease, till all  
This lovely land lies covered with a pall  
Of darkness—and our glowing sun goes down  
Behind a severed nation's gloomy frown!

O! where the wisdom now to guide aright  
The sinking ship of state, ere the dark night  
That's hovering on the horizon's verge, sets in!  
No second Washington, we fear, will win  
A nation's grateful plaudits by a firm,  
Consistent course of action; while the worm  
That's sapping at our peace, works ceaseless on.  
O! mighty Truth, arise! shed rays upon  
Our glorious Constitution's outraged brow,  
Nor let our native eagle's proud head bow,  
His quivering wings fall listless by his sides,  
That from Atlantic's to Pacific's tides  
Spread their broad pinions—when, his eyry  
rent

From Alleghany's cloud-capped battlement  
He looks abroad to seek another light;  
And on the one side stretches to his sight  
New England's snow-crowned mounts and busy  
vales,  
Her peopled cities and her homestead dales—

The cold, proud "North," hemmed in on every  
hand

By colleges and churches at command,  
And all her hardy sons toiling untired  
(As never *slaveling* toiled by *fear* inspired)  
To heap bright ingots, or to strike a trade;  
To drive a bargain, or mayhap a spade;  
To dig an *idea* or potato patch—  
No matter which, so gold they thereby hatch;  
Or using powers which might be better spent,  
In sowing broad-cast, seeds of discontent,  
And loud declaiming 'gainst their sister, "South,"  
Because she will not take from her own mouth.  
The food on which she lives, and trust to Heaven  
To shower down manna for her sins forgiven!  
The while they see not what poor slaves they are  
Themselves, chained in the van of Mammon's car,  
To creeds and stereotyped ideas of right,  
In spite of Truth's broad, plain, ungarnished light,  
Which seeing, they won't see—a blindness worse  
Than Nature's dark, unfathomable curse  
Which lays a vail upon her beauteous face,  
Thro' which no feature can her victim trace  
But seeming nothingness and midnight's space—

And this too, while they claim to be but *just!*  
Yet let the golden rule grow red with rust;  
For, 'tis not "as they would be done by," this  
Invasion of another's premises—  
Sees far away Ontario's waters blue,  
Niagara's arch and sprays of silver dew,  
Great Erie's waves breaking in ceaseless roar,  
And fertile field, and wood, and rock-bound shore,  
All fair to look upon.

Then turns him, where  
The myrtle and magnolia scent the air,  
And orange blossoms lend their sweets to roll  
Above each bursting, downy cotton boll;  
Where skies are blue and golden light pours down  
In warm effulgence from Old Sol's bright crown,  
And fires the blood of ancient chivalry  
In heroes' veins, who boast a fair degree  
Of that bright spirit which to woman gave  
The homage of the good, the true, the brave!  
And where SHE'S honored, there, as always  
seen,  
The greatest moral excellence has been  
And *that* she's honored in the sunny clime  
Where citron ripens with the yellow lime,

Needs not be told—its noble sons full well  
Attest her influence and own her spell,  
Till each, thus purified, might lead the van  
“To give the world assurance of a man!”—  
Sees Mexico’s broad gulf bearing upon  
Its restless waves the tithes of commerce on,  
And Mississippi’s ever-flowing tides  
Groaning ’neath products which its fertile sides  
Yield in their vast luxuriance—sees far  
And near, a happy people free from jar  
Or discord, save the forced broils a band  
Of sectionists spread thro’ their peaceful land,  
Willing to heed the *eleventh* commandment true,  
“Mind your own business”—(not *your neighbor’s*  
*too,*

As added and amended to this clause  
By folks in higher latitudes, whose laws  
Embrace a wider field)—with faith in man  
And trust in God’s supreme and hallowed plan  
Which in the end will surely prove the right  
As sure as day succeeds the darksome night!—

Sees all this land, this broad and beauteous  
land,

Whose sons united, formed a goodly band;

But now the close-knit chain shows many chinks,  
And hideous gaps are parting its firm links;  
And clouds are vailing the horizon's blue,  
And soon will darken all the sun's light too.  
From North, from South, from East, from West,  
arise

These shadows o'er the brightly glowing skies,  
Till all in vain he looks to find safe rest  
Within the regions that his heart loves best;  
Then, with a lowered crest and drooping eye,  
He folds his wings and lays him down to die,  
Rather than choose between the severing hosts  
Whose name was "legion," and whose banner  
boasts

For motto: "One in many." Ah! alas!  
The golden bowl seems as 't were made of glass,  
And waiting but the slightest blow to part  
In minute fragments its full brittle heart!

That slavery of the African will last  
While Cotton's King, analogy must cast  
The crowning vote to; for have we not seen  
All things on earth subservient have been  
To human needs, by wise, Almighty plan?  
God's laws assisting the advance of man

Along the steep hill of progression. See  
How useful by this means the Black can be  
Toward beautifying and adorning this  
Fair earthly temple, to the praise of His  
Omniscient name, the Architect supreme  
Of the whole universe! who deigns a gleam  
Of radiance to cast o'er savage man,  
To rescue him from barbarism's ban,  
And place him where his attributes will show  
To best advantage, where his part below  
He may act out, and thus assist the whole  
Great human mass, whose bulk will ceaseless roll,  
Till grain by grain it loses all its dross,  
And rarefying with supernal gloss  
'T will shine, the embodiment of truth and love,  
And fitted for a higher march above  
Dull matter—'t will, expanding, soar away,  
To realms of glowing light and endless day!

The reign of superstition is not o'er,  
Altho' we boast more knowledge than of yore—  
When bigots thus before the public eye  
Can flaunt monstrosities, black with the dye  
Of falsehood, to deceive the masses and  
To breed dissension in our peaceful land.

But even in enlightened times, we've seen  
Wise men and gentle women to have been  
Burned at the stake, because, like Faustus, they  
Were deemed possessed of demons. And to-day,  
'Neath hydra-headed Abolition's sway,  
If license, such as Cotton Mather's time  
Permitted, granted was—the knell would chime  
For each slaveholder, and his whitening bones  
Would bleach on cold fanaticism's stones,  
The while his blistering flesh would writhe and  
broil

On Black Republican gridirons!

What turmoil

A band of malcontents can ever raise,  
Even while they cover it with prayer and praise—  
Thus desecrating true religion's robe,  
While rancorous wounds with malice dire they  
probe,

Until the festering sores spread far and near,  
And purity itself may almost fear  
To catch the infection. But we still will hope  
Right-judging minds exist in the broad scope  
Our Northern limits have, and they will yet  
A better influence bring to bear, and set



The index on the dial's face to show  
Their erring brothers the right road to go,  
Nor let our country's name become a jest,  
For scoffing nations to make manifest;  
Our flag dishonored, and our unity  
A by-word in each broad community!  
For all must see (unless willfully blind)  
How useless 't is to hope, the South to bind  
With fetters, or to think she'll yield to those  
Whom she regards as bitterest of foes;  
Give up her lawful rights, which soul and sense  
At present sanction, to the vain pretense  
Of sympathy and pure philanthropy  
That's urged by madness or misanthropy,  
And seeks to do an evil to a race,  
Who in creation's aim hold the right place  
In the progressive scale of being.

What

But sheer infatuation, e'er could plot  
So wild a scheme as it would prove to be,  
If e'er effected, all our Blacks to free?  
Why, such a gang of paupers, or, still worse,  
Of thieves and villains, would our country curse,  
That even Europe's gipsy hordes could not

Compare with; for the Negro is a sot  
Of bestial description, and when free  
Spends most his time in low debauchery.  
And this the population that would spread,  
In vagrant swarms, and in their vileness, shed  
A merited opprobrium on the head  
That first conceived the wondrous plan that  
set  
The ball in motion!

O! loose not the jet  
Of the dark fountain whose rank, muddy flow,  
Would stain our land's unblemished, spotless  
snow,  
And where fair Peace and Plenty reign, send  
Want  
With haggard brow, shrunk limbs, and visage  
gaunt.

The eighty-first year of our freedom crashed  
Like a huge bomb-shell o'er the world! War  
clash'd  
Its tocsin o'er the Eastern Hemisphere.  
For scarce did gentle Peace descend to bear  
Her olive-leaf across the Black Sea's wave,  
When India burst her prison doors and gave

Dread prestige of her barbarous strength and  
might,

Her vengeance dire with bloody pen to write!  
The footfalls of advancing liberty  
Echoed thro' Spain and sunny Italy,  
Startling the powers that be—all Europe felt  
That thrones and monarchies were doomed to  
melt

In the pure crucible of Justice. Still  
The gold must first be tried, its strength must fill  
The measure of endurance, ere the pure  
Metal may from the dross be drained—we're sure  
By all analogy, that man must be  
First fitted for it, ere he can be free!  
On our own continent went, hand in hand,  
Revolting states. Again that fated land,  
Uneasy Mexico, made other laws  
Without advancing her unhappy cause  
A single step toward better government  
Or national prosperity. There went  
Thro' Central America, the clash  
Of civil war, and, twice, the meteor flash  
Of baseless government. Republics, too,  
In South America, gave proofs anew

Of instability, by popular  
Disturbances; and everywhere the car  
Of warfare national, rolled with its stains  
Of blood, its kindred throes and gnawing pains;  
Save in our own Republic's peaceful shade,  
Which Heaven forbid it ever shall invade;  
For rather than our banner shall be rent  
And on the wild gale of disunion sent  
To furnish vultures' nests; or tattered, wave  
Above our Constitution's early grave;  
I would exclaim, as did a noble one  
Of nature's freemen, and the patriot son  
Who sought his own loved but down-trodden land  
To save from despotism's iron band:  
"May all the colors of God's bow be torn  
Asunder ere that banner's stripes!"

The worn

And weary footsteps of the warring past  
With blood have made their deep-set marks, and  
cast

Their warnings forth upon the gale, to show  
The tide of liberty is in its flow;  
And tho' the ebb may come, 't will swell anew  
And rise to higher heights when full and true

The rounding moon of Progress shall have filled  
Her horns, and o'er the purity distilled  
From the foul lees of despotism's night,  
Shines out with ripe perfection's glowing light  
To gild each billow, silver-crest each wave  
Of wrong or violence, and thro' the cave  
Where Lethe's waters wash remembrance out;  
Turn every stream of discord, dread, and doubt,  
To be but things forgotten. Ah! ere then,  
How many changes shall be wrought 'mong  
men,

And fallacies, and feuds, and creeds give way,  
Ere on the horizon the perfect day  
Shall gleam, when peace and concord sweet shall  
bind

The world's great family of human kind!

My Country! 't was *thy* priceless boon to lead  
The way to better things, nor do I need  
The prophet's mantle to descend on me  
To tell how glorious may thy future be  
Among the nations of the earth, if thou  
But crush fanaticism. Thorns will grow  
On fairest roses, but their points we see,  
And by destroying, may not wounded be.

Why should we prostitute our better sense  
By granting license to each foul pretense  
That cloaks the wish for undisputed power  
'Neath cover of religion's holy dower,  
And throws contempt on laws and government,  
Which to establish our forefathers went  
Thro' seas of blood, and battles' groans and  
          shrieks?

Must *we* now yield to mad dictation's freaks,  
And tamely suffer domination's rules,  
Which were but made, at best, to fetter fools?

O! for the eloquence that thrilled upon  
The heart-strings of his countrymen, when on  
The forum bold Virginia's son stood forth,  
And, one by one, let fall the pearls whose worth  
A nation now attests. Ah! one might give  
Their heart's blood, drop by drop, if they could  
          live

One glorious hour like that that lighted on  
The brow of Patrick Henry when he won  
The Assembly's ear, and pointed to the course  
To guide his country's bark thro' breakers worse  
Than helmsman other than a hero e'er  
Would fearless dash thro', and full boldly steer

Upon the bristling rock of war's fierce front.  
 O! for a draught from the celestial fount  
 Of inspiration, that my pen might trace  
 The lineaments of Truth's all-perfect face,  
 To show my brethren, by the contrast, how  
 Ungainly and uncouth foul Error's brow—  
 That they may thereby her embraces flee,  
 And shake the incubus of bigotry  
 From their half-paralyzed perceptions!

Then

Our star, whose light is dimming fast 'mong men,  
 Would burst the clouds by traitors raised, and  
 shine

Fair as yon hosts in galaxy divine!  
 An ambient ray to gild our mighty deeds;  
 A holy flame unswerved by feuds or creeds;  
 The torch whereby oppression sees the way  
 To flee from darkness unto bright noonday;  
 The Vestal's lamp, by purity supplied,  
 That quenchless blazes over time and tide!

Alas! that e'er our honored name should be  
 Coupled with such rank, factious anarchy  
 As 'tis to-day! Must our broad land be riven  
 With broils, because it is the will of Heaven

To make it the blest means a class to save  
From Heathenism's dark, polluted grave?  
Forbid it, Justice! God of Power and Might!  
Roll back the scroll of ignorance—let light  
From thy eternal hills shower knowledge down:  
And take thou from our country's brow the crown  
Of thorns that's rankling, festering there!  
O, Father! hear an earnest, fervent prayer.

'Tis not to pettifogging dogmatists  
I would appeal—as well hope thro' thick mists  
To steer in safety, as that one of those  
Unyielding wranglers who the South oppose,  
Should list *my* feeble voice—but to “good men  
And true,” I'd show, *their* honor's questioned,  
when

By weak supineness they encourage those  
Whose conduct proves them but their country's  
foes,  
And silently look on to see the rights  
Of freemen trampled by those buckram knights,  
Who using Sambo for their dastard shield,  
Take a bold stand in policy's sham field,  
And fain would pass for pure philanthropists  
At the expense of all wherein consists



Faith with their fellow-man ! O ! brothers, why—  
Ye who can boast a truth-discerning eye—  
Why will ye suffer this foul leprosy  
To stain your better nature ? Ye might be  
The means, if you'd exert the slumbering power  
That God has vested in you, this black hour  
To blot from out the calendar—nor let  
Our country be the sacrifice which yet  
Unto this Moloch must be offered, and  
Which will another Tophet make our land.

That land, by heroes' blood redeemed, made  
pure,  
The open-armed and ever friendly shore  
That welcomes all who seek its peaceful strand—  
That *it* should groan beneath the scorching brand  
Placed by its children on its manhood's brow !  
That *they*, of *all*, should question the pure vow  
Baptized in blood, but registered in praise  
Beneath the dawn that's brought us these blest  
days  
Of plenty and prosperity ! O ! shame  
On all who let a dastard purpose, lame  
In the poor arguments with which it boasts  
Of strength—cover their eyes to hosts

Of blessings which the very law that they  
Contend against, brings to us all to-day !  
Yes, *all* ! for who dare say the Black is not  
Far happier, and far better in his lot  
(Tho' it be groaned o'er by each sycophant  
Whose whole religion's humbugging and cant),  
Of a well treated and much-cared-for slave,  
Than in a state of freedom left to brave  
Not only outside wants and penury,  
But *his own savage nature's tenure* ? He  
Has in himself a greater foe than e'er  
He'd find in a kind master's thoughtful care,  
Tho' would-be friends seek to divest him of  
His blessings, showing thereby neither love  
Nor kindness prompts their measures, but desire  
For domination kindles the wild fire  
To whose red, hissing flames their brethren's  
rights  
Are recklessly consigned.

My pen indites  
These truths, not that I would decry the North—  
I state but simple facts for what they're worth—  
For *all* this land my country is, and wrong  
Or right, is still MY NATIVE LAND ! O ! strong

The ties forged by those magic words, to bind  
The human heart, to link it to its kind;  
And dastard he who'd seek to set a stain  
Upon the sod that gave him birth, or gain  
A doubtful reputation at the shrine  
That immolates all that is most divine  
Or sacred held by man! Not this, not this  
The paltry motive whose base prompting is  
The lever which calls forth what I indite;  
But when a people willfully invite  
Contention, as the Northern mass has done  
By heaping slanders and abuse upon  
That section of our land known as "The South,"  
And using for this means the ready mouth  
Of pulpit, press, and rostrum, to create  
A furore false 'gainst each slaveholding State—  
It is but natural that this should cause  
Some refutation of our outraged laws  
To be attempted; tho' the arm that wields  
The defensive armor, boasts not manhood's shields  
Of confidence and liberty of speech;  
Yet once, *a little child was brought to teach*  
*Wise men, and sat down in their midst!*  
And 't is this simple thought aroused, that bids

Me lift my feeble voice to quell the storm,  
And call on God to aid the motive warm  
And sincere, that from my heart of hearts  
Leaps into words, and its own strength imparts  
To what my pen, without that motive true,  
Could never fashion or do justice to.

Believe it, brothers, I but seek to bind  
Our fearfully disjointed causes, twined  
Like the soft tendrils of a clinging vine  
Around one parent tree—yet mine, and thine,  
'Stead of converging toward blest unity,  
Spread, as the poles, asunder! This may be  
The wild chimera of an enthusiast's brain—  
But yet I'll hope, that, like the spring's soft  
rain,

My admonitions may fall on good seeds  
To yield an hundred fold, our country's needs  
Full bounteously to furnish and supply  
With wholesome food, fair to the polished eye  
Of taste, and also palatable to  
The healthy throat of probity.

And now,  
That matter settled—I would simply ask,  
Why do our Northern brethren take the task,

The odious task, upon themselves to pry  
Into our business, and to deery  
Our institutions and our systems, all,  
Domestic, civil, and political?  
Have Southerners this course pursued toward  
theirs?

Or ever sowed detraction's spreading tares  
To choke the growth of sympathy abroad,  
And by base slanders, half unsheath the sword  
Of popular opinion in *their* face?  
They, who with us, should in the struggling race  
Of excellence go side by side, nor let  
A paltry matter of opinion set  
Wide open the broad floodgates of the tide  
That sweeps our common interests thus wide  
Apart. Not such the holy chain that wound  
With adamant links our nation round,  
When those brave hearts, with firm reliance on  
Divine protection in their union,  
Mutually to each other pledged their lives,  
Their fortunes, and their sacred honor!

Strives

There one, of all the wrangling demagogues,  
Whose leaden weight our native progress clogs,

To benefit his country, or impart  
New impetus to college, church, or mart?  
Say, rather, is not selfish interest  
And personal aggrandizement, at the best,  
The prompting motives for each fierce assault  
That even at falsehood's barrier does not halt,  
But leaps alike o'er friend and foe, to gain  
The dizzy heights of power, tho' bought with  
pain?

Ah! would impartial eyes but only ope,  
Survey our rights and wrongs in widest scope,  
Compare our institutions and our laws,  
And make our grievances a common cause;  
Then, with the wand of justice, mete to all  
An *equal* footing in our Congress Hall;  
Nor let dictation mount its hobby there,  
And set its iron heel on all that's fair,  
Or equitable to a portion of  
The people—meeting their demands with scoff,  
Or covering with deceitful smile, a dread  
And treacherous purpose, to lay low the head  
That shrunk not when its country called to save  
Sweet heaven-born Liberty from the dark grave  
Dug by oppression; but stood bravely forth

With form erect, firm heart, and steadfast worth,  
 Pledged to the death to fight for rights which now  
 By brethren's hands are wrenched from its own  
 brow. 4

This agitated question—Slavery—  
 Has called forth more bombastic bravery,  
 And more inflated Furiosos brought  
 Forth from oblivion's somber, dingy court,  
 To war in rhetoric's windy field, than e'er  
 Fanaticism did before. And here  
 I'll digress, just to tell you why 't is so:  
 Didst ever note how prone are all below,  
 To *add* to what they hear? Just like the crow  
 Tradition—where a man gave out that he  
 Did something vomit, black as crow could be;  
 When this had gone the village circuit round,  
 The swiftly-rolling ball had swelled, 't was found,  
 To such a size, that it was clearly shown  
 He'd thrown up *three black crows*!

I freely own

The joke is rather stale, but not less true  
 To human nature's foibles, which with new  
 Adornments dress each story, foul or just,  
 And mountains make out of each grain of dust;

And there are never wanting idlers, who  
Will roll the atom till each layer anew  
Vests with increasing strength the gaining ball;  
Then, as a mighty avalanche, its fall  
Awakens sleeping echoes far and near  
And crushes all who come within its sphere!

And so, each idle tale that floated thro'  
The regions of "free soil," black crow like,  
drew

Its idle followers to roll the ball  
E'en to the portals of our Congress Hall,  
Where now, a threatened avalanche, it swings  
Upon a single thread—and discord brings  
O'er our fair land, whose rulers scarcely know  
How Abolition's tongue can turn a crow  
To a huge condor—just as malice can  
Grind to a pigmy a true-hearted man!

What makes the matter worse (but this is  
still

Only a like sad phase of human ill),  
These all-wise boasters who deery the South,  
Have gained their knowledge only by the mouth  
Of Rumor—she of many tongues—the foul  
Base slanderer, whose harsh, discordant howl



Grates on the ear of sensibility,  
And shocks the virtuous to the last degree,  
But who is welcomed by her colleagues dear  
With shouts of joy and cries of Hear! hear!  
hear!

They've never sought to sift the chaff to find  
The grains of truth, but rashly have combined  
To crush the South, because her foes see fit  
To clamor loud, and ceaseless strive for it.

Come with me, one and all, unto this land  
I'll lead you gently, with a loving hand,  
And point out all its beauties, if I can,  
Until, for very shame, you'll to a man  
Exclaim: "Is this the people, these the laws  
We've sought to crush? O! surely, we must  
pause

In our mad judgment of an upright cause  
That wide disseminates its blessings, and  
With peace and plenty crowns a happy land,  
Where each the station holds by Providence  
Assigned him—and where broad diverging  
thence

The bounteous streams of industry glide on  
To beautify our common country."

Gone

Will be all prejudice, if with the eye  
Of truth you seek our merits to desery,  
And, with the tongue of probity, send forth  
Your firm convictions for just what they 're worth,  
When you have fairly weighed us and our cause  
'Gainst wild fanaticism's fickle laws.

## The South.

WHERE the fair tropic's golden fruits expand  
Beneath the day god's glances, smiles a land  
Of roses—'tis fair Flora's vast parterre  
She holds her court and highest revels there,  
Where clustering multiflorous buds half blown,  
O'er canopy her queenly dahlia throne ;  
And blue-eyed violets kiss her dainty feet  
As up the dewy lawn they twinkle fleet ;  
And waxen lilies shade their soft cheeks pale,  
And o'er their loveliness draw snowy veil  
As the gay goddess passes with her train,  
These garden nuns who pageantry hold vain !  
Here, too, those sycophants of flowerdom  
That cling and cringe to each and all that come,  
Convolvuluses, decked in garments gay,  
Are born to live and die in one short day  
(The doom of vanity)! And here is one,  
The gentle heliotrope, that to the sun

Doth constant turn in adoration still  
Where'er he moves, the guider of her will—  
Who, seeking not to charm, charms all the  
more;

For unobtrusive merit's ever sure  
To win its way among the just and good  
Where arrogance will fail!

Beneath a hood

Of rose-color or purest white, you spy  
The periwinkle's watching, yellow eye,  
With envy glaring at the lovely rose,  
Whose blushes deepen as her lips uncloset  
To breathe a welcome to the humming-bird  
That's whispering in her ear the witching word  
With which he's wiled full many a gentle flower;  
Then left, to wander in a fresher bower,  
When he has rifled it of all its sweets.  
Here, too, transformed Adonis faithful greets  
The realms of air, as 'tis his right to be  
Known half the year as gay anemone,  
Flower of the wind, and earliest of the spring,  
To tell of coming buds and blossoming.  
The purple orchis waves in wildness here;  
And sweet forget-me-nots, like faith, appear

With starry eyes that smile and seem to say,  
Love can abide fell sorrow's darkest day  
If nourished by fidelity—and what  
But this thy emblem, blest forget-me-not?

Thus, everywhere around the fairies write  
Their loving messages, their deeds indite—  
You see their rings beneath the myrtle's boughs,  
The whispering pines but echo their soft vows,  
And many a creamy white magnolia leaf  
Shows creases where they've written sonnets brief;  
And grave old oaks shake their gray mossy hairs,  
While in the moonlight dance the elfin pairs  
To the sweet south wind's music, stealing o'er  
Some silvery lake's enameled shelly shore;  
Or sighing thro' some fragrant orange grove  
Where mocking-birds discourse melodious love,  
And starry watchers in the blue afar  
Wink their bright eyes as swells each trilling bar  
To blend with heaven's seraphic melodies  
As softly as the dew falls on the seas—  
A half-tone in the harmony of spheres,  
But swelling still the choral chant of years,  
As up the sounding aisles of space it rolls  
To echo thro' the realms of happy souls!

Here, too, Pomona scatters graciously  
Her luscious favors, and Vertumnus (he,  
Her youthful spouse) his horn of plenty, here  
Replenishes throughout the changing year;  
While Ceres blesses all the fruitful land,  
And bids it yield its sweets at her command;  
And grateful thousands lift their voices high  
In songs of joy that echo to the sky,  
And freely use the blessings love has given.

By *using*—not abusing—'tis to Heaven  
Mankind returneth thanks, and earth can raise  
A “new song” to the great Creator’s praise  
For all his wondrous gifts. “Let everything  
That hath breath praise the Lord!”—we’re taught  
to sing

By the great Psalmist; and we glorify  
Him in his works when 'neath his arching  
sky

We reap the harvest of his providence.  
Be sure he has not sent his bounties hence  
To lead us into temptation, without still  
Our minds impressing with the woful ill  
That follows all abuses—and the wise  
Can see the medium with truth’s loving eyes,

And all enjoy; but know where lies the mark  
Which to o'erstep turns every light to dark;  
Yet in its moderate limits circles all  
Of harmless pleasure on this earthly ball,  
And in its innocent enjoyment gives  
A sounding "song of praise" from each that lives!

'T is here that *true* religion really reigns—  
For God's great laws progress without the stains  
That Error's worshipers imprint—the schisms  
Wrought by false prophets, with their "ists" and  
"isms;"

Those stumbling-blocks which clog the road of faith  
To trip the weak, whose end is moral death.  
No—thanks to an all-wise, protecting Power,  
That's guided us aright unto this hour,  
And from all evil safe delivered us—  
Our eyes of truth can see the incubus  
That holds with demon strength the fast-closed lids  
Of all fanaticism's hosts, and bids  
Calm Reason yield her throne while Error sits  
In judgment on the rights of man.

Cry "quits,"

Ye schemers wild! come to our land and learn  
Of those, whose laws ye in your ignorance spurn;

That 'tis consistent with benevolence  
And one of the designs of Providence,  
To put each thing, or creature to its use—  
(Neglect's as great a sin as is abuse)—  
And surely God designed that each should fill  
A relative position, that would still  
Go to complete a yet perfecting whole  
Whence comfort, welfare, happiness will roll  
To circle man and beautify the earth  
Thro' its own creatures of progressive birth.

And here that law works in its widest sense,  
And shows in its results, the vain pretense  
That's urged by wrangling abolitionism,  
That there exists a fierce antagonism  
Between the Black and White man. 'Tis not so  
When in their *true relation*, each can go  
In harmony along the upward scale;  
But discord rises when rude hands assail  
The heaven-strung instrument, and seek to place  
Among fine treble chords the harsher base.  
And thus the social lyre is out of tune,  
When, as co-equals, Negroes can commune  
With White men; for they are not fit to be  
Left their own masters, self-dependent, free!



As well let loose your ox, your horse, your cow,  
And then expect that one will to the plow  
Back of his own accord—the other leap  
Into harness—and old Brindle keep  
True to her trust, and seek the dairy's door—  
As that a liberated Black will pour  
His labor forth for hire!

And so, we see,  
The Negro race can only useful be  
By working in a rank subordinate  
To greater intellect; and thus the great  
Design of an all-wise Creator is  
Fulfilled, by giving each his place in this  
Progressing, fruitful world, which man must till  
To cause it yield abundantly, to fill  
His measure full to overflowing, and  
With plenteousness to crown a happy land.

Tho' nature has done much, man must do  
more

Of this, experience makes us very sure;  
And if the South would firmly keep the trust  
Reposed in her by One both true and just,  
She'll go unflinching on her steady course,  
And let wild Faction scream till it grows hoarse,

And prove herself her country's truest friend  
In thus maintaining laws which in the end  
Will work their own redemption—for they give  
The real principles to truly live  
E'en to that class that's groaned over as slaves  
In rescuing them from their living graves  
Of barbarism, and developing  
Their attributes. There's nothing else will bring  
The negro race within the social ring,  
To yield their resources of labor here,  
Without we place them in their proper sphere.

That is a morbid, false philanthropy,  
The offspring of a weak misanthropy,  
That bids us loosen o'er our thriving lands  
Paupers and thieves where now are happy bands  
Of disciplined and well-conducted slaves.  
'T is madness or sheer wantonness thus raves;  
As neither Black or White man thus could be  
A beneficiary in the least degree.  
For one would sink to bestial indolence,  
The other lack the means of self-defense  
Against privation's biting stings; for he  
Is not by constitution made to be  
Exposed to ardent heat like him whose birth

Spontaneous was with torrid elimes of earth.  
And all these fertile, beauteous lands would lie  
Uncultivated 'neath a burning sky;  
The main commodity that gives, we know,  
Employment to thousands here below  
That swells the tithes of commerce, and that fills  
The revenues of other States—distills  
Its benefits North, South, East, West, to all—  
Would fail, for want of force to swing the ball  
That bids the manufacturing levers work,  
And feeds the very mouths that twist and jerk,  
While basely leveling reproof at those  
Who've proved their greatest friends instead of  
foes.

Let but slave labor in the cotton field  
Come to an end, and where will be the yield  
That Northern factors pocket? Ah! be sure  
The wolf will be not only at *our* door,  
But *all* our country will cry out, too late,  
When small receipts of customs show that hate  
Has crushed the means that gave us our in-  
crease,  
And brought contentious strife where all was  
peace.

God's purposes in all things are subserved—  
His will has still controlled, and never swerved,  
Since mingling elements their march began  
In circling changes till they fashioned man,  
Who, with his mortal eyes, may fail to see  
The slow, mysterious ways of Deity.  
But he may rest assured they're good and just;  
And so, with childlike confidence and trust,  
Abide His time, who in the beginning gave  
To time its limits, and prepared the grave  
In which old things shall sink into decay,  
When progress shall have reached the brighter  
day  
To which convergent from creation's morn  
All things terrestrial have been upward drawn  
By cords of love—fulfilling the design  
Eternal, glorious, infinite, divine!

Man may not hasten the Almighty's hand,  
That rules the storm or sways the breezes bland—  
That opes the gates of Death, and parts the  
way  
For light to enter thro' the realms of day—  
That scattereth the east wind o'er the earth,  
And gave each shining star its glorious birth!

He may not question the Eternal One,  
Who from the whirlwind spake to that poor  
son

Of sorrow, when he mourned his hapless fate—  
To show him, that 'tis God alone is great.  
And man must still submit to his decrees ;  
He, who the influences of Pleiades  
Can bind, or loose Orion's bands—can guide  
Arcturus with his sons, o'er the blue tide  
Of space—or, in his season, can bring forth  
Mazzaroth !

We're taught by this, the worth  
Of patiently submitting to God's will,  
Which in the end will prove his wondrous skill  
By turning wrong to right, and guiding all  
Conditions on this ever-moving ball,  
So that their destined ends, perfected, may  
Add brighter glories to the coming day,  
Which, struggling with the darkness, seeks to  
climb

The distant zenith o'er the heights of time,  
And shed o'er earth refulgent light sublime.

Why will the North submit to be the tool  
Of monarchists, who seek a world-wide rule,

And labor without ceasing, early, late,  
Our institutions to exterminate?  
And to this end dogmatically strive,  
By blowing a faint spark until, a live  
And glowing coal, it threatens all the land  
To turn to a fierce, quivering, flaming brand,  
Which, if not checked, will hissingly burn on  
Until it melts our bands of union,  
And leaves the altar of our liberty,  
A charred and blackened ruin!

This, we see,

Is but the aim of those who've duped the  
North,  
By propagating doctrines whose whole worth  
Lay in the selfish end to be attained.  
And well they've labored, and their end's near  
gained;  
Those antislavery demagogues, with seed  
Plucked from the Old World's crown and scepter  
breed,  
Which they have planted in our Northern soil,  
And pruned and watered, till their ceaseless toil  
Has been rewarded—for their dupes and tools  
Strive with them now to overturn the rules

Laid down by their forefathers, lend their strength  
To curtail freemen's rights, by breadth and length;  
Nor would they shrink to strike the dastard blow  
E'en if their country's head was thus laid low!

Why urge the dogma of equality?

The White and Black can never equal be!

God ne'er designed it, else we had not seen  
Their attributes so different to have been.

And even the poor Indians now own

This to be true—as it is clearly shown

In the late delegations of some tribes

Of red men to our government. The scribes

On that occasion, penned things trite and true,

Altho' 't was untaught tongues gave utterance to

The maxims wise—'t was Nature speaking thro'

Her forest-children's lips. Hear what she said:

“My Grandfather!” spoke one of the chiefs,  
red,

Addressing the Great Ruler of our land;

“This land on which to-day you firmly stand,

Belonged to me. 'T was the Great Spirit's will

That you should take it from us!” Speaking still

He added: “*The Great Spirit! that made you  
More powerful than me, was partial to*

*You, and a better color gave than me ;*  
For it was the Great Spirit's will that we  
Both came into existence. You're a man,  
My Grandfather, and so am I."

Say, can  
Our vaunted wisdom and enlightenment  
Lead us to wiser issues, than the bent  
Of observation in rude savage breast  
Which judges causes by results? The test  
In this case, was the White man's power  
Which triumphed o'er the Indian's given hour,  
And proved to this poor forest child, how vast  
The line of demarcation that is cast  
Between the races; that the weaker, still  
Must follow guidance from superior skill,  
If they would find the road from wrong to right  
And merge from darkness into broad noon-light.

How, then, we ask each antislaveryite,  
Are we to guide the African aright?  
We ne'er can hope that land to colonize;  
At least, the way's not clear *yet* to our eyes,  
Tho' nothing is impossible with God!  
And should the time arrive, he'll point the  
road.



But for the present, we but follow his  
Appointments, when we give a place to this  
Poor savage in our midst, and kindly try  
To open his long-closed, benighted eye  
To better things—the while we may not place  
His guidance in his own hands, for the race  
Would run to ruin faster than the mass  
Of dingy Black Republicans now pass ;  
But, as we 'd train a little child to go  
Where wisdom pointed us to guide it so,  
Yet hold the leading-string to check, whene'er  
It deviated from a proper sphere,  
So, with this simple child of savage birth,  
We seek to point his steps aright on earth,  
Supply his wants by turning his own strength  
In proper channels, where 't will yield at length  
Not only personal necessities,  
But all mankind will, also, in degrees  
Be the recipients of the warming stream  
Of light, that glides from well-directed beam,  
Which else, obscured beneath a thick vail, dark  
Would lie, because the bright Promethean spark  
Of *true* philanthropy, was quenched by hate  
That spat upon its mission pure and great !

Why is the South denied equality  
Within the Union? She does not, we see,  
Ask anything unjust, unwise, untrue  
To the great cause which led her to imbrue  
With her heart's blood the standard of our  
land

To free it from oppression's galling band!  
Is it forgotten how her gallant sons  
Risked life and fortune for us favored ones  
That are the beneficiaries? Say,  
Had Thomas Jefferson lived in our day  
To see the cause for which he labored long,  
Early and late—attacked thus by a strong,  
Hot-headed host of fanatics, whose ire  
Was kindled at a foreign kingdom's fire,  
To be the means of ruining that cause  
Which dared oppose the Old World's grinding  
laws—

How would his pure, unselfish spirit shrink  
To see his country trembling on the brink  
Of the deep chasm dug by envy here  
To gulf this hated Western hemisphere  
Before its herald star shall lead all on  
To follow in the path thus nobly gone

So far ; to crush it ere its rays divine  
Shall draw all earth to worship at the shrine  
Of Liberty—that dragon to the breed  
Of despots, who would shout to see it bleed,  
And now are laughing in their sleeves, to see  
What dupes they've made among the enemy ;  
And how New England (spite of boasted wit)  
Holds her blind side for them the coat to fit,  
Remodel the lean wearer, puff, and pad  
To suit monarchial dogmas.

'Tis too bad,

That wrong directed sympathy should lead  
To the commission of so foul a deed  
As will be perpetrated if the rights  
Of the fair South are subject to such slights  
As have been heaped upon it, far and wide,  
Where'er has flowed the muddy, surging tide  
Of Abolition. Yes, a deed so foul  
That angels well may weep at—demons howl—  
When our fair Union is rent in twain,  
As it *must be*, if this upheaving main  
Is suffered longer to encroach upon  
Our borders. It has swelled and rolled still  
on,

Bearing upon its chafing waves the scum  
Of party feeling, till the drift's become  
A formidable barrier which shuts in  
Our privileges ; and the angry din  
Of battle, embryoed in words at first,  
Will yet upon our startled hearing burst  
If longer parley is allowed.

“ Thus far,  
And no farther shalt thou go,” is just ; a bar  
Must ever stop oppression, let it come  
From any source it will, e'en from our home.  
We may regret the dire necessity  
That forces the sad deed ; but we must be  
Placed in our *true* position in this land,  
And then we'll pledge our lives to nobly stand  
By it, as we have ever done, thro' good  
Or ill. But if the prating, meddling brood  
Of Black Republicans must dictate to  
Our government, and show it what to do ;  
And Southern rights, equality, and space  
Be left for these foul demagogues to trace  
The limits of—then must we look to God  
To judge our cause, and use the avenging  
rod,

If we do err in seeking for ourselves  
A standard for which justice vainly delves  
At present!

Vail thy face, fair Liberty!

If this, thy boasted throne, is thus to be  
Ruled by rank faction. 'Tis a misnomer,  
Might well incite satiric cavalier  
To call it thy abiding place, or raise  
Thy altar, if we desecrate thy praise  
In this way; if the mob can sway the mass,  
And trample common sense, to rudely pass  
Beyond all barriers social, civil, and  
Implant their right to lead and rule the land—  
Dictate to and chastise, control and teach,  
Let hatred prompt, fanaticism preach,  
And Idiocy condemn, approve, or boast  
With maudlin leer, that *it* can rule the roast!  
That individual sovereignty must yield  
When cap-and-bells and long-ears take the  
field  
To bray down justice and equality  
With venom'd partisan garrulity.

We'll now take up the term "equality,"  
The Abolition watchword! First, we see,

The lexicographer defining it  
As "uniformity," an equal fit  
Of two or more things to each other. See,  
If by this rule, the White and Black can be  
On the same footing? And, again, we find  
The word as "similarity," defined.  
Pray, will you *equalizers* tell us, where,  
Or in what manner, habit, Negroes are  
Or ever can be, similar to Whites?  
The question all your logic now invites.  
Come one and all, with Freddy at your head,  
Here's chance for screaming, if you wish to shed  
A light on this *dark* subject; for I own  
*I've* tried to fathom it, but fairly shown  
My inability to do so. Now,  
I call on *you* to speak—no matter how—  
We'll make excuses for your want of grace,  
*In Balaam's time a like event took place!*  
We only ask you to enlighten us,  
Upon a point that you so oft discuss,  
That we may share your erudition, and  
Be blest partakers of its precepts grand,  
Which in the rules of order, "Heaven's first law,"  
Can find an error and detect a flaw

And (wiser than Omnipotence) aspire  
To re-string all the chords of Nature's lyre,  
So that the squeaking fiddle of base peers  
May drown the rolling anthems of the spheres!

Meantime, I'll tell you how the South defines  
Equality: We've seen, each star that shines  
With phosphorescent gleam in ether's sea,  
Hath in itself a differing degree  
Of glory—a fixed light assigned each one.  
We're told, "There is a glory of the sun,  
Another of the moon, and of the stars,  
And one star differs from another." Wars  
There any 'gainst this creed? Then let him look  
Above, in the blue-covered, gilded book,  
Whose leaves are ever open to his sight,  
And read the lesson God's pen there did write  
For man to profit by. He'll learn to know  
That *true* equality, above, below,  
Consists in *each thing holding its own place*;  
Whether a system, world, or but a race,  
If its light shine in its own given sphere,  
It radiates a beam both bright and clear,  
Tho' but a planet borrowing its rays  
From golden sun glowing with inward blaze.

But O ! how vain to hope to emulate  
The flooded splendor of its primary great ;  
To equal the bright source of its own light !  
Then its dependence would soon come to sight.  
The only equalizing process is  
*Its own true orbit to hold fast* in this  
Grand panorama, still to add its mite  
Of usefulness, and shed its borrowed light,  
The universe to bless ; and then 't will be  
Equal to suns of radiant degree !  
And such alone is true equality,  
To do your duty in that station God  
Hath here appointed, by his wondrous word.  
Let man do this—angels can do no more—  
If he would equal those who rapt adore  
Their Great Creator, face to face, where rolls  
The sounding praises of enfranchised souls !

Where is the Negro's field of usefulness ?  
Is it in council-chamber, at the press,  
Or bar ; in pulpit, auditorium,  
Or learning's intricate emporium ?  
Say, can he climb Parnassus, or entwino  
The laurel plucked where roam the Heavenly  
Nine ?



Has Deity imprinted on his brow  
The seal to which all creatures humbly bow?  
Do pearls of thought there scintillate and gleam,  
Or rich imaginings send forth a stream  
Of living glory's radiating beam?

You may reply, The pearls want polishing;  
How test their rays, if ne'er abolishing  
Their rough crustations? Ah! true gems will show  
Themselves, even if bedded far below  
Their outer coverings; so may we find  
In the uneducated, gleams of mind,  
Which 'neath the mental lapidary's hand  
May luster get to fit them to command!  
But we apply the lens in vain, in vain  
To find such rays within the Negro's brain—  
For there alone the coarser instincts reign.  
Refinement, elegance, or perfect taste,  
If planted there, would surely run to waste;  
The soil is uncongenial to such growth—  
Imagination and reflection both  
Are wanting; but the animal, combined  
With the domestic properties, is shrined  
Which gives the Negro a subordinate  
Relation to the White man. 'T is his fate—

The fiat of creation—that he still  
This rank below must uncomplaining fill.  
To place him on the White man's level, we  
Destroy the basis of equality—  
*We're only equal in our proper spheres!*  
But to annul this footing now appears  
To be the end and aim of those who strive,  
Against all principle, to keep alive  
The quivering flame, lit in unholy cause  
Against creation's and our Maker's laws!

This shows, the fundamental principles  
Of what knaves vaunt about in madd'ning yells,  
So far exceed their gross perceptions, that  
In Truth's pure light, they're blind as is a bat  
In sunshine! So they spout, and rant, and rave  
Bombastic'ly about the Southern Slave  
(Who'd open wide his eyes to hear them tell  
How cruelly he's treated); and they swell  
His grievances to such a blackened stream  
That Styx compared to it, would fairly gleam  
With lacteal luster. They dark portraits draw  
In falsehood's hues, of sanguine conflicts raw,  
Between psalm-singing Uncle Toms, and Turks  
Of masters fierce—(and, by the way, there lurks

A clue to the enlightenment of one  
Dark labyrinth in a sheer romance, but done  
To suit a morbid appetite. We find,  
The coarse, harsh master, Mistress Stowe has  
shrin'd

To represent a *Southern Planter*, claims  
*New England as his birthplace!* Hot, would  
shame's

Bright blood mount flaming to the cheeks and  
brows

Of the South's own true-hearted sons, if vows  
Of cruelty and deeds of blood should be  
E'er dreamed of *by them*, such as one "Legree"  
Is made the mover of in that tirade.

But he but follows all his colleagues' trade—  
*Dictation to the death, is their employ?*

And this is why they pour their base alloy  
O'er our pure laws, and prate equality  
While crushing it with iron heel.)

We see

How far fanaticism leads men on,  
By measuring the lengths these dupes have gone;  
Who, all-forgetful of the ties that bind  
These States in union, by joint interest twined,

Would take from us, their equals by God's laws,  
A right to judge or advocate a cause  
Involving national prosperity,  
And circumscribe in limited degree  
Our territory, while they dwarf, confine  
Our resources in bigotry's dark mine;  
As may be seen by all who look abroad  
And view the flaming, bright despotic sword  
Of Empire, which the North's cold hand now waits  
To grasp, ere fiercely it decapitates  
That gorgon in its path—the sunny South—  
Who, let her but essay to ope her mouth,  
Her wholesome precepts are transformed to snakes  
By those who in Power's temple hold the stakes,  
And fearful of our Federal rights and rules,  
Remodel them to suit despotic schools!

Your philanthropic novel writers may  
Work on credulity, and mayhap, sway  
The tender-hearted for a time, with scenes  
Drawn from imagination's painted screens,  
And highly colored to comport with what  
Their colleagues wildly scheme and basely plot  
'Gainst every argument of common sense,  
To give a substance to a false pretense,

And hoodwink justice, while they seek to gain  
The balance of that power for which they strain  
Each nerve and every fiber of heart, soul, sense,  
Aided by rank duplicity ; and hence  
They work their way where honest folk draw  
back,

Preferring the straightforward, open track,  
Open alike to friend and foe, that all  
May see their movements, if they rise or fall,  
Disdaining subterfuge, and seeking still  
To call forth friendliness and pure good-will  
From their opponents ; but, in case they fail,  
Ready to boldly guard what foes assail,  
Stand by their rights, as freemen should, to death,  
And die proclaiming them with latest breath,  
If need be !

This, the difference, that lies  
Open to all impartial, candid eyes,  
Between the North and South to-day. The land,  
Purchased with price of blood by patriot band,  
Made the low theater of party strife.  
But, thanks to God ! the South drew not the knife  
Upon her brother's heart ; her work and cares  
Have ever been about her own affairs,

With faith in all her kindred, North, East, West,  
She's wisely thought they knew their business  
best,

And were as capable of minding it  
As she would be to leave her own and sit  
In judgment on their actions. *All* can find  
Sufficient business of their own to mind,  
Without a thankless interference in  
The affairs of others. Thus, the deep sin  
Of severing the bonds left to us pure,  
If perpetrated, lies not at our door.  
We've ever been true to the sacred cause  
Which led our forefathers to fight for laws  
Which would secure them from oppression—*now*  
We feel that hot brand searing our own brow,  
And 't is a brother's hand hath placed it there!  
We pause—for *him* to move it—ere we tear  
It ruthlessly from the proud head it thus  
Dishonors!

Dear the Union is to us—  
Dear from its history, and from the names  
Enrolled upon its archives! Ne'er will shame's  
Condemning flush rise on the South's fair face  
When called her moiety therein to trace.

She sent her Washington to lead the host  
To freedom ! and may, all-exultant, boast  
Another noble star of first degree,  
The true apostle of sweet Liberty,  
In Thomas Jefferson, the wise, the good !  
And in her glorious galaxy there stood  
Conspicuous, Henry, Morgan, Marion.  
Shall names like these fail to shine out upon  
Her honor, and to increase its light ? And still  
Are hosts of others every blank to fill ;  
There, Shelby, Laurens, Pinckney, Sumter, tell  
That patriot hearts in Southern bosoms dwell ;  
And Eutaw's field, and Yorktown's battered walls,  
Show courage is not wanting when the calls  
Of country ask avenging arms to save  
From tyranny's dishonored, darksome grave.  
Proud Tarleton's lowered crest on Cowpen's field,  
Show'd Southern force could make a braggart  
yield ;  
King's Mountain's highs proclaimed in bloody  
words  
The value of stanch hearts and Southern swords ;  
And Valley Forge, if it had tongues, might speak  
Of sufferings that would blanch the stoutest cheek,

Endured for *love of country*, by the brave,  
True Southern tide of that almighty wave  
That was to roll above and free the land  
Of a despotic kingdom's hireling band  
Of mercenaries.

Say, my brethren, say,  
Are we less true to freedom's cause to-day,  
Than we were then? Think you that brows that  
spurned

Control from parent hand, and proudly turned  
From mother England when she grew unjust,  
Will bend to those who have betrayed the trust  
Reposed in them? Altho' a kindred tie  
Unites us all, too deep within us lie  
The seeds implanted by our fathers bold,  
To guard our rights e'en from a brother's hold,  
If he encroaches on the limits set  
When justice and equality have met  
To guard them. Think of this, 't is all we ask;  
You then will see how odious the task  
That you have voluntarily assumed,  
Must in our eyes appear. You have presumed  
Too far, and if you're just you'll own to this,  
Nor rashly push the matter till there is



No honorable path left for the South  
But to withdraw herself from the cold mouth  
That with a Judas' kiss would thus betray  
Its country; for the hope of power and sway  
That may be gained if the South yields her  
right,

Is the true motive of your dastard fight!

Ah! this is a sad picture, and it pains  
My heart to paint it. Surely there remains  
Some brightening tints to gild the portrait dark?  
Some flashes of a clearer, holier spark  
That latent lies within fraternal breasts,  
To glow and radiate when the kindling tests  
Are tried, of partings that will wring the heart  
(If the South takes the firm resolve to part  
Rather than lie down bleeding at the feet  
Of Northern despotism)? Then will meet  
Sons, fathers, brothers, to unlink the chain  
By Nature riveted, but rent in twain  
By goading malice under friendly guise!  
O! ere that clouded dawn shall darkly rise  
O'er our loved land, will not some patriot soul  
Step forth to turn the scales? Nor let the foul  
And parricidal act be hastened on

By the base means that heretofore have done  
The insidious work.

O! could I speak  
The thoughts that wring my heart and blanch my  
cheek,

I'd surely prove to ye, my brothers, all,  
How great will be our honored country's fall  
If such a consummation of wild schemes  
Is wrought beneath our day-star's sacred beams.  
Were I but blessed with angel eloquence,  
I'd send a stream of light convergent hence  
To reach the holy sanctuary within  
Each heart, and show the heinous, monstrous sin  
That ye are perpetrating, all ye hosts  
Of instigators—who now make your boasts  
Of having gained the day for which ye've striven  
To crush your brethren's rights before High  
Heaven!

Can ye not see the ill ye've surely wrought?  
Do ye not force an act whose memory—fraught  
With vain repinings and regrets, too late—  
Will blacken all your future's somber fate?  
Down, down Dictation! cease your grinding rules,  
Which only cowards yield to, knaves, or fools.

You vainly strive on Freedom's neck your yoke  
To place; it bends not—but it may be broke  
And in its shattered fragments you will find  
But wild remorse, for having rashly twin'd  
A cord to strangle Liberty's sweet breath,  
And caused your country's dark, dishonored  
death!

O! here, where ambient skies and balmy airs  
Distill ethereal mildness—nature wears  
Perennial verdure, and great hearts expand  
Beneath her genial influence, strong yet bland—  
Think you, our Southern blood thrills not as true  
With patriotism, and leaps up anew,  
Indignant at oppression, as with *you*,  
Girt with a chilling atmosphere of frost  
In which vitality is almost lost?  
Think you, the bounteousness here spread abroad  
By an all-powerful and generous God,  
Wakes in our warm hearts no responsive swell  
To him, who with abundance, shows how well  
He recompenses our fidelity,  
In honoring his most wise and just decree,  
By giving each thing its own proper place  
In this progressive, onward, upward race?

Ay, ready hearts and willing hands here strive  
To keep the sacred flame of Truth alive  
Upon the altar of just principle ;  
Whose maxims holy and invincible,  
Are graved too deeply to be e'er erased  
By partisan scurrility, tho' graced  
With theologian dogmas, which but show  
Religion never yet was made to go  
With politics. Here, no professions we  
E'er make—here's no self-righteous Pharisee—  
We own we're *human*, and as such, oft err ;  
Yet still, one rule finds ready worshiper  
In all : To strive to do to others as  
We'd have them do to us !

Now this, alas !

Seems blotted from our Northern brethren's  
code ;

And, as companions on *their upward* (!) road,  
They cherish hatred, animosity,  
And vent in petty spites, antipathy  
To all our institutions ; while they raise  
A standard of their own for prayer and praise,  
And climb to heaven upon the sins of all  
They've trampled on this sin-provoking ball !

No doubt we have a heathenish look compared

To them, for we have never wildly shared  
In the excitement by false prophets raised—  
Uniquely showing how God may be praised,  
By desecrating every moral law,  
And finding in each physical, a flaw!  
We know our soil is not congenial to  
This fungus growth; and we're content to go  
Along the plainer track of common sense,  
Nor yield to every doubtful, wild pretense,  
By fanatics set forth to justify  
Their measures—while they scoffingly defy  
Their country and their Maker, and insist  
That truth lies at the bottom of each "ist"  
And "ism." Hence, we've seen, how quick the  
growth

Of these monstrosities at the far North,  
And "free love," "Mormonism," and their train  
Of untold evils, have progressed amain  
Thro'out the land, until 't would seem, indeed,  
That the "Sixth Angel," mentioned in the creed  
Of Revelation, had his wrath poured out,  
And "unclean spirits, like to frogs, come out

The Dragon's mouth, and the mouth of the Beast,  
And the mouth of the false Prophet." Such, at  
least,

These vile productions of distorted faith  
Seem, in their heinous properties, whose breath  
Sullies the face of Truth's pure mirror, while  
The foul streams pour libations rank and vile,  
To overrun and to pollute the land  
With the dark scum rising on Error's strand,  
And drifting inward, with its tidal might,  
To quench Religion's holy, sacred light!

Ah! true religion, based on charity,  
So far exceeds such vile barbarity,  
That a comparison between them ne'er  
May be attempted on our mundane sphere;  
For we would not pollute a shrine so pure  
By mingling with its music the harsh roar  
Of wolves and lions, to attest its power  
Harmonious over discord's angry dower.  
But, would we seek for the blessed spot on  
earth

Where this most holy cause has ne'er a dearth  
Of followers—we'll find that sacred spot  
To be, where bigotry leaves not a blot

To sully the fair face of tolerance ;  
Where love of man does love of God enhance ;  
Where nature's beauties are enjoyed by all  
As gifts from Heaven, and no dull, leaden pall  
Is laid o'er innocent amusement to invest  
Sweet holiness with terror—as, when drest  
In sackcloth, it must ever seem a gnome,  
To lead the young to a cold, gloomy tomb,  
In which their natural gayety must lie  
Buried forever from each mortal eye.  
Ah! where God's worshiped in *glad* anthems, *there*  
Arises truest praise and holiest prayer ;  
And where man for his brother finds excuse,  
If weakness leads him to excess (abuse  
Of nature's privileges), in his own  
Frail being's foibles—which will still atone  
For many errors he mayhap commit—  
For we're expressly told, we may not sit  
In judgment on each other, lest we be  
Judged by a like imperative decree.  
'Tis only where all *kindly* feelings thrive,  
That piety's pure spark is kept alive ;  
Where love and charity lend their whole strength,  
To fan it, till a steady flame at length,

It mounts to heaven from altar pure and true,  
Which no fanatic stain may e'er imbrue  
With oversteeped discolorings from the fount  
Where falsehood bubbles and doubt's vapors mount.

There *is* a land where happiness thus reigns  
Without the clog of all the clanking chains  
In darkness forged. Wouldst find it? Seek it  
HERE!

We've room for millions, and you need not fear  
To test our Southern hospitality.  
Warm hearts are beating where each small degree  
Of latitude but brings us nearer to  
The fount of warmth, the source of light, the true  
Inspirer of each ardent impulse—he  
By all acknowledged day's divinity,  
Great Sol! who broad dispenses loving smiles  
To teach us mortals how sweet faith beguiles  
Dark doubt of all its harsh incrustings, in  
Thus lovingly enfolding earth to win  
The treasures buried deeply in her heart,  
Which his warm, generous smile of trust, will  
start  
To life and bloom; but which 'neath chilling blast  
Of doubting wind, their tender leaves would cast;



Put forth no buds of promise, but fall dead,  
Because kind influence was not around them shed !  
But faith and kindness here go hand in hand ;  
Come ! tho' your prejudices *North* may stand,  
Yet *here, once here*, they must, they *will* give way  
Before the clearer beam, the brighter day  
Poured from our tropic sun's enlightening ray !

When once amongst us, you will find how much  
Of confidence is to be placed in such  
Distorted statements as your "shriekers" give.  
Their trade ignores the text, "Live and let live,"  
For not content with living their own way,  
They 'd change the mode of those more blest than  
they

Are ; while their practice contradicts in full  
Their precept—as one must be very dull  
Not to perceive how ill equality  
With Blacks, sits on their puffy dignity !  
Cuffy does very well to groan about,  
But when he comes *too near*, he's put to rout ;  
And, as a freeman, in a freesoil state,  
Experiences far greater slights than wait  
Him here, where he is kindly cared for, and  
Warm sympathy excites on every hand.

For tho' a slave, he 's human, still, and shares  
His master's bounty; while he 'scapes his cares ;  
And is regarded in each household band  
As member of the family. No hand  
Disdains his proffered grasp, no children there  
Refuse their love and kiss with him to share ;  
And "*Mammy*" is a queen-bee in each hive  
For subjects, White and Black, to proudly strive  
Who shall with greatest honors load her down !  
Would not your free-soil matrons shrink and  
frown

To see their infant rose-buds clinging round  
These sooty goddesses in nursery crowned ?  
And yet you prate equality tho' blind  
To all its bearings !

We've, you see, divined

How far your equalizing process goes :  
You 'd like to crush those you regard as foes,  
Because they differ in opinion ; and  
The readiest means to do so, you command.  
Poor Sambo 's dragged from quietude to be  
Your shield, and in the warfare gets, we see,  
The wounds—for you but cause his owner to  
Curtail his privileges, and to go

To greater lengths, more rigid means to save  
His property from felon's grasp. You have  
Thus heaped upon *us all*, both White and Black,  
Annoyance, and in this you draw not back;  
And why, why do you do this thing? To be,  
We answer, rulers, lords of all you see!  
For prating kindness does not come to *acts*;  
The Negro finds he has to deal with *facts*,  
Cold, stubborn facts, when on your soil he learns  
His stanch adviser, promised friend, now spurns  
His *brotherly* regard, and turns his back  
When funds and labor both are getting slack,  
And the poor outcast, who has birthright sold,  
Finds out, too late, *the pottage is all cold!*

Ah! better, would you kindly with us join  
To polish this neglected, barbarous coin,  
So that the metal may ring bright and clear  
Upon Truth's pure and sympathetic ear.  
You'd help the Negro's progress more, far more,  
By bringing him to our enlightened shore,  
And teaching him the way to better things  
Beneath our Eagle's broad, protecting wings!  
But still it would not do to leave him *free*,  
Even in this fair land of liberty—

Because he would not make a proper use  
Of freedom, and 't would be to him a curse  
Rather than a blessing. Then let him be  
A slave, if by such wholesome slavery  
We free him from a bondage worse, more dire—  
A chain that shackles intellect's pure fire—  
A mental thralldom in which heart and soul  
Together in the mire of darkness roll,  
In savagism's deep Egyptian night,  
Denied blest Christianity's clear light,  
And burying the seal by God imprest,  
'Neath monstrous barbarisms, foul, unblest!  
Think you he'll progress on his native soil?  
And is he *injured* when we make him toil?  
God ne'er designed that man should be supine—  
He gives us means, and we must thence divine  
How to exert them; and when powers exist  
In others, wrapt in barbarism's mist,  
Do we not act the good Samaritan  
In freeing them from the unholy ban  
That lays a leaden clog upon their might,  
And steeps them in the darkness of midnight?  
Say, are we not the Negro's *truest friends*?  
And are we not the source, 'neath God, which sends

A dawning light thro' his benighted soul,  
To help it gain the hights where ceaseless roll  
Hosannas glorious and anthems grand,  
From all who man's condition understand?

Then bury animosities, my friends!  
Contest no law which in its bearing tends  
To elevate a poor, unhappy race,  
And gives to them in human grade their place.  
We *all* are pigmies in the sight of Him  
Who fashioned us from nothing! If we swim  
Time's ocean with the means that He has given,  
'Twill land us on the blissful shores of heaven!  
And while with greater force *we* breast the wave,  
'Twill not retard us if we seek to save  
Our weaker comrades from the billow's might  
That threatens darkness and eternal night.  
If we would hasten on that glorious time  
Foretold in Holy Writ—when every clime  
"Shall own Messiah's name," shall be set free  
From savage bonds and all idolatry—  
We'll hesitate not to employ all ways  
By which this brightest ending of dark days  
May be attained. Be sure the day *will* come  
When all will strive to reach that better home;

That "house not made by hands, eternal in  
The heavens!" O! what a blessed goal to win!  
O! what a glorious birthright, there to be  
Progressing still thro' all eternity,  
From knowledge unto wisdom, and from love  
To adoration, in those courts above,  
Where shining seraphs veil their faces pure  
While in His presence, whom they rapt adore;  
And winged aspirations ceaseless rise  
To glories brightening in celestial skies!

And this is man's immortal destiny.  
O, fellow mortals! why not strive to be  
Worthy its blessed privileges! and  
Disgrace not this our own, our favored land,  
That has thus far, triumphant led the van  
To better things—by arming, man to man,  
To wrangle on a point which ne'er should be  
Made pretext for this civil anarchy.  
But, as a band of brothers, strive to find  
The *RIGHT with mildness*—bear this still in mind;  
And where ye differ in opinion, pray  
Let Justice be the umpire in the fray;  
And meet on *equal* grounds, that each may be  
Vested alike with true authority;

Then for the issue—trust to God! He'll hold  
The crucible to test the purer gold,  
And all that's mingled with alloy, or base,  
Must to the finer yield its fitting place!

Then will sweet Peace, now frightened from  
her nest,

Descend again to regions she loves best;  
Then will our Eagle from his eyry high,  
Gaze proudly at his rival's blazing eye  
That from a higher hight lights all the sky,  
And plume its pinions for a greater flight  
Than it e'er dreamed of thro' the low'ring night;  
Then will our Spangled Banner proudly wave  
Above the land where dwell the free and brave;  
Then will our Nation's great heart, free from pain,  
Throb with contentment's sacred pulse again;  
And from Atlantic's to Pacific's shore,  
From Mexico's broad gulf, Niagara's roar,  
The sounding anthems shall roll glad and free,  
Chanting the praise of glorious Liberty,  
To swell the pæans of the hosts who day  
And night rest not, but ever ceaseless say,  
"O! holy, holy, holy Lord!" alway.

## Eulogical.

ERE we part, my kind readers, I beg you'll  
permit

Me a few words on leaving :

You may not see fit

To indorse all the sentiments I have expressed,  
But my motive, you still must acknowledge, the  
best

That could have inspired a lover of peace,  
And hater of falsehood's base, spurious increase,  
That of late years has peopled the pulpit and  
press,

The forum and Senate with fatal excess ;  
And spread its vile progeny over the face  
Of our once happy country, to sully, debase,  
And exterminate wholesome and practical laws,  
And crush our dear liberty in its huge jaws.

To you, the pure-hearted and brave of our land,  
Who the rights of each brother full well under-  
stand,



I need not appeal; for the monitor blest,  
That holds its own court in each true patriot's  
breast,

Shall with eloquence speak, and your actions  
control,

In all matters relating to body and soul;  
And raise warning finger, if, even in thought,  
You'd seek to presume on the privilege bought  
At so countless a price, by our forefathers brave,  
Their country to liberate, ransom and save  
From the deep degradation of despotic rule,  
Whose precepts are grafted in tyranny's school.  
Let your hearts be the balance in which you will  
weigh

The matters that ask your opinion to-day;  
We fear not the verdict such jurymen just  
Will return in the case, and our cause freely trust  
To your reason, humanity, wisdom, and skill,  
Which the *right* will discern in spite of ill-will,  
With its witnesses bribed to distort the truth fair,  
Till its bloated proportions make simple folks  
stare!

Now our case, as it stands, you have heard me  
rehearse;

I condensed it to suit the design of my verse,  
That you may discern but its rights and its  
                  wrongs,

And give that impartial return which belongs,  
We know, to each matter that's fairly discussed  
By equity's arguments, honest and just.

I have drawn no false pictures to work on your  
                  sense,

And excite a deep sympathy by such pretense—  
I leave *that* field open to one Mistress S—we,  
Who's better provided the journey to go.

As for me, I'm not fitted to grope in the dark,  
But prefer the least glimmer of truth's faintest  
                  spark,

To that Egyptian darkness which fancy can fill  
To suit morbid appetites, strengthen ill-will,  
And work out the ends of dictation, without  
The least ray to show the poor traveler the  
                  route

Which his guide (who, bat-like, sees a way thro'  
                  the gloom,

That will place all opposers beneath a cold tomb),  
Is leading him on, over quagmire and bog  
His reason to deaden, his ideas to clog,

While breathing things monstrous and foul in his  
ear,

To harrow his feelings or thrill him with fear,  
Till mystified, horrified, not knowing why,  
He joins in the wild and fanatical cry,  
And rushes to battle 'gainst all who resist  
The allurements that lie in romance's thick  
mist,

And prefer common sense and experience's tests  
To the fallacies which this base medium invests  
With colors prismatic to catch simple eyes,  
But which the discerning detect as the dyes  
Of falsehood, that garbs with the semblance of  
truth

The creatures of fiction, to cheat age and youth.

No, not by such means do I seek to impose  
Upon any; the road's alike open to foes  
As to friends, all its windings and turnings to  
trace;

And for traveling companion, plain Truth's honest  
face,

At their elbow they'll find thro' the whole of the  
route,

To clear each obstruction, dissolve every doubt,

And radiate beams from the Fountain of light,  
To exorcise demons begotten of fright,  
Who hold the perceptions of all who give ear  
To raving disturbers of harmony's sphere!

*O! call not that soul, true philanthropy's seat,  
That sows seeds of discord at each brother's feet,  
Where the fast-growing tares check each kindlier  
growth,*

*And ripen to hatred's rank blossoms with both.*

A word to reformers: Before you begin  
To parade to the public each light, floating sin  
That skims on the stream of your neighbor's warm  
life,

Would it not be as well to allay every strife,  
Every wrong and oppression that broods o'er  
your own

Household hearths, or stalks thro' your land, with  
a tone

Of despair, calling loudly for work and for bread,  
From *free* operatives? As well, would you  
shed

A portion of light (where you've so much to  
spare),

To help to relieve your own poor of their care?

As for us, thanks to God! want's unknown in our  
clime,

Our workers, tho' slaves, ring a merrier chime,  
On the bells that pour forth the fleet progress of  
Time!

Your laborer is *White, and your equal*—yet he  
Is a sufferer to a much greater degree  
Than his ebony rival—tho' this till doomsday  
Perhaps you'll contend; but I've this much to  
say:

Let "crises," "panics," "suspensions," invade  
And break down the barriers guarding all trade;  
Let banks go to ruin, and stocks sink to naught,  
The whirlpool, to one class with misery fraught,  
Glides light past the other as singing brooks play  
In the beams of the sun on a calm summer's day;  
And while "factory strikes," 'mong your suffering  
poor,

Tell too plainly the wolf's at each working man's  
door;

Our careless, light-hearted, and good-natured  
"Cuff,"

With his sleek, glossy hide, shows he's still got  
enough

And to spare, should some poor Northern White  
brother need

To share his snug cabin, his garment and feed.

Why bring in the aid of the novelist's pen  
To work on the feelings of warm-hearted men,  
By dressing in pitiful guise every gross  
Misrepresentation? We're not at a loss  
For *facts and hard truths*, when we enter *your*  
door,

To substantiate all we assert of your poor;  
Nor need we the pallet of fancy, to paint  
How near to a sinner comes every saint  
Who bellows from pulpit invective and jeer  
To stir up antipathy in each compeer,  
And trumpet contention abroad with *that* Word  
That the olive should tender instead of the sword.  
For Religion should bind with sweet charity's  
clasp,

Not nurse in its flowers the sting of the asp;  
But gently diffuse its ethereal balm,  
Each discord to soften, each tempest to calm.

There may be some cases (which all must de-  
plore),  
Of cruel injustice and wrong done the poor

Negro slave ; this I've candor to own. Yet I still  
Ask, are *any* exempt from such ill ?

Are there none in *your* midst, at this moment,  
opprest

By grinding exactitude, heartless, at best,  
'Mong your *White* operatives ? Say, do they not  
give

Their heart's blood for pittance which scarce lets  
them live ?

Ah, Pharisees ! ere you the Publican spurn,  
Look at home ; to your own moral grievances turn ;  
Cleanse the leprosies foul that within you exist,  
Till no longer you see thro' a 'wilderling mist,  
Ere you lay your cold hands where your heart  
*ought to be,*

And whine out your thanks, that you are not as he.

Let charity, with you, begin in your home,  
Fit subjects 't will find, and no longer need roam  
On a wild, thankless mission, devoid of all grace,  
Which mistakes both the calling, the time, and the  
place,

In its useless endeavors to draw forth the mote  
From its neighbor's clear vision, which fails not  
to note

The broad beam obstructing the visual ray  
Of the optics of those who would point out the  
way.

To the better perceptions of others they 'd guide,  
And swamp friend and foe in a treacherous tide,  
Rising slowly and surely where'er it finds room,  
To engulf all the nation within a cold tomb.

Pray, pray for more light, from the Fountain  
above,  
Till its glory doth flood all your souls with pure  
love,

Not only for him, the Creator of all,  
But for man, *his* creation upon this dun ball !  
For once you but cherish a sympathy sweet,  
For each human waif on Time's ocean you meet,  
And kindly admonish him when he doth err,  
Yet *love him thro' all things*, let radiance or blur  
On his brow leave a mark for distinction or shame—  
Still, but cherish for him an undying flame  
Of holy forbearance to guide thro' all gloom,  
And from error's waste lead to the brightness and  
bloom

Of truth and of purity, you will achieve  
A power, for which you'll have no cause to grieve ;



A power of persuasion, the mild and the true,  
That will gently, yet surely, prevail where the crew  
Of force, domineering, can never gain ground,  
Tho' policy girt it with piety round.

An enemy may be by kindness o'ercome,  
And soft words will make the wrathful man dumb.  
You should not abuse theological power,  
By pointing its shafts at your neighbor's home-  
bower,

And poisoning the darts in dark sophistry's pool,  
Thus making religion a puppet and tool,  
Thro' whose channel your venom'd ill-nature may  
flow

'Gainst all who but differ from you here below.

The pulpit, the Holy of Holies should be!  
There, questions political, all anarchy,  
Should be banished—its calling's more sacred, by  
far,

Than leading a caucus or waging a war;  
'Tis God's throne on earth! (or rather, *should be*,  
But man has polluted the pure sanctuary);  
And should not be defiled by such streams as  
to-day

In muddy disturbances take their dark way

From this fountain, thus basely turned out of its  
course,

To babble with bigots who scream themselves  
hoarse

While fiercely contending 'gainst nature's pure  
laws,

To uphold an ill-grounded, fanatical cause !

I would say to ye all, ye Reformers so bold,  
Who enter, unasked, our Southern stronghold—  
Should ye need a *new* field for a famous display  
Of rhetorical powers and windy array,  
Turn your weapons, so logical, on your own  
band

Of clerical wranglers—for all understand  
That *they need reforming the most in our land!*  
They seem to forget that their mission is "peace!"  
And, lion-like, roar from their soft waving fleece  
Till one is in doubt whether sheep-cot, or lair,  
Is appropriate term for God's temple fair!

And now to my friends, and *the rest of mankind*,  
I have something to say. We have, all of us,  
shrined

In our heart's secret chamber, some idol—tho'  
blind

We may be to the knowledge, yet others can see  
What to us is obscure to the latest degree;  
With one, 'tis ambition—another, 'tis love—  
And a third worships Mammon, all creatures above;  
While some, purer hearted, (alas! they are few!)  
Throne Truth there, with radiance to shine out  
anew

O'er each fallacy bred in dark Error's abode,  
To obstruct and obscure every newly-laid road  
That invites earthly tourist to take shorter route  
When seeking some knotty point's flaws to find out.  
Then again, other hearts cling to Error, and hug  
Her delusions, not knowing how vainly they tug  
At a chain that coils firmer the harder they pull,  
And binds their perceptions with leaden clog dull.  
And still, other deities, other hearts own  
Unconsciously—yet, by their fruits they are known;  
And so I appeal to your reason and sense  
To judge between truth and fallacious pretense.  
My motive I feel to be honest and true,  
In submitting these arguments freely to you;  
And if I have blindly advanced a false cause  
'T will quickly be seen, when, with Nature's known  
laws

'Tis compared. All I ask, is impartial survey  
Of *both sides* of this mighty question to-day—  
Give *each* a fair hearing, and when you do this  
Be sure you're not swayed by the sheer fallacies  
Set forth by the novelist but to confound  
Your reason, and lead you o'er treacherous ground;  
But lay aside romance and take *solid fact*,  
If you would arrive at conclusion exact;  
Nor weep over Fiction's all-fanciful wrongs,  
But give your sweet sympathy where it belongs,  
When actual experience proves to your mind  
That sufferings and wrongs exist 'mong your  
kind.

In this age of free thought we have, each one,  
a right  
To investigate aught that seems dim to our sight;  
And when we've arrived at conclusions, we still  
Can express them, I hope, without rousing ill-  
will.  
I've simply expressed what I think to be true,  
And if in opinion I differ from you,  
We do but what mortals will everywhere do,  
For few think alike on all points—yet on *this*  
I would ask you to pause before you dismiss

The matter entirely—give it a thought—  
'Tis by *thinking* most wonderful changes are  
wrought!

For Thought is the mine from which was extorted  
All the wonders that nations entranced have heard;  
In its depths the great giant was molded to form  
When he rose in a vaporous moisture so warm  
From his kettle-bed, which the boy dreamily eyed  
As the slight curling breath pushed the thick lid  
aside,

And saw in the action a slumbering power,  
That works mighty levers at this present hour!  
'T was from Thought's deep recesses that Franklin  
brought forth

The bright spark electric, whose magical worth  
The world now attests, as it girdles the North,  
Spans the soft breezy South, clasps the East and  
the West,

And draws nations nearer in unity blest!  
For, from Heaven the spark came to circle the  
Earth,

And herald a new and a glorious birth  
In the fair field of Progress, to show forth to man  
How much he may grasp with an up-reaching span

That not vainly aspires, if a pure motive gives  
The impetus!

So, then, fare ye well! If there lives  
But a spark of true patriotism still in our land,  
I fear not the Union will yet firmly stand,  
The bulwark of Liberty! which the harsh gale  
Of partisan violence, tho' it assail,  
May storm round in vain — for its true heart of  
oak

Will resist to the last the dastardly stroke,  
And ride out the tempest with sails all unriven,  
And furl but its flag on the bright shores of  
Heaven!

Notes.





## Notes.

PROGRESSION.—In taking the Nebular Hypothesis as my argument for creation, I but agree with many learned writers and astronomers. But my attention was chiefly called to the subject of Progression, by a perusal of a little volume entitled, *Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation*, by — Mantell. I have endeavored (as far as in me lies the power) to carry out the ideas of the author of that work—for I most religiously believe them to be correct—and cordially recommend the perusal of that book to every one desirous of an intellectual feast. There is certainly no work, of the same number of pages, that contains the same amount of information. It is a clear embodiment of the *Multum in Parvo*, so desirable in all writings.

As far as the slavery question is concerned, I have acted for “conscience sake”—and think, while so doing, I but echo the sentiments of all calm reasoners and lovers of truth, North, South, East, or West.

Page 17.

—The mighty Word which was  
In the beginning.

"In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God."—St. John i: 1.

Page 19.

*O! wondrous sight, a universe all fire!*

"The nebulous matter of space, previous to the formation of stellar and planetary bodies, must have been a universal Fire Mist; an idea which we can scarcely comprehend, though the reasons for arriving at it seem irresistible."—*Vestiges of Creation*, p. 20.

Page 21.

*And still another law have we to show.*

"Now, mechanical philosophy informs us that the instant a mass begins to rotate, there is generated a tendency to fling off its outer portions. In other words, the law of centrifugal force begins to operate. There are, then, two forces acting in opposition to each other, the one attracting *to*, the other throwing *from* the center. While these remain exactly counterpoised, the mass necessarily continues entire; but the least excess of the centrifugal over the attractive force would be attended with the effect of separating the mass and its outer parts. These outer parts would then be left as a ring round the central body, which ring would continue to revolve with the velocity possessed by the central mass at the moment of separation, but not necessarily participating in any changes afterwards undergone by that body. This is a process which might be repeated as soon as a new

excess arose in the centrifugal over the attractive forces working in the parent mass. It might, indeed, continue to be repeated, until the mass attained the ultimate limits of the condensation which its constitution imposed upon it. From what cause might arise the periodical occurrence of an excess of the centrifugal force? If we suppose the agglomeration of a nebulous mass to be a process attended by refrigeration or cooling, which many facts render likely, we can easily understand why the outer parts, hardening under this process, might, by virtue of the greater solidity thence acquired, begin to present some resistance to the attractive force. As the solidification proceeded, this resistance would become greater, though there would still be a tendency to adhere. Meanwhile, the condensation of the central mass would be going on, tending to produce a separation from what may now be termed the *solidifying crust*. During the contention between the attractions of these two bodies, or parts of one body, there would probably be a ring of attenuation between the mass and its crust. At length, when the central mass had reached a certain stage in its advance toward solidification, a separation would take place, and the crust would become a detached ring. It is clear, of course, that some law, presiding over the refrigeration of heated gaseous bodies, would determine the stages at which rings were thus formed and detached. We do not know any such law, but what we have seen assures us it is one observing, and reducible to, mathematical formula.

"If these rings consisted of matter nearly uniform throughout, they would probably continue each in its original form; but there are many chances against their being uniform in constitution. The unavoidable effect of irregularity in their constitution, would be to cause them to gather toward centers of superior solidity, by which the annular form would, of course, be destroyed. The ring would, in short, break into several masses, the largest of which would be likely to attract the lesser into itself. The whole mass would then necessarily settle into a spherical form, by virtue of the law of gravitation; in short, would then become a planet revolving round the sun. Its rotary motion would, of course, continue, and satellites might then be thrown off in turn, from its body, in exactly the same way as the primary planets had been thrown off from the sun. The rule, if I can be allowed so to call it, receives a striking support from what appears to be its exceptions. While there are many chances against the matter of the rings being sufficiently equable to remain in the annular form till they were consolidated, it might nevertheless be otherwise in some instances: that is to say, the equableness might, in those instances, be sufficiently great. Such was probably the case with the two rings around the body of Saturn, which remain a living picture of the arrangement, if not the condition, in which all the planetary masses at one time stood. It may also be admitted that, when a ring broke up, it was possible that the fragments might spherify separately. Such seems to be

the actual history of the ring between Jupiter, and Mars, in whose place we now find four\* planets, much beneath the smallest of the rest in size, and moving nearly at the same distance from the sun, though in orbits so elliptical, and of such different planes, that they keep apart."—*Vestiges of Creation*, p. 11.

## Page 22.

—*The same power by which apples fall.*

The law of gravitation.

## Page 23.

*For, once, a circling mass of liquid fire,  
Our sun filled all our system's space, entire.*

"I may here, also, remind the reader that there are other grounds for this hypothesis, besides observations on the nebulae. Overlooking the zodiacal light, which has been thought a residuum of the nebulous fluid of our system, we find geology taking us back *toward* a state of our globe which can not otherwise be explained. It was clearly, at one time, in a state of igneous fluidity—the state in which its oblately spheroidal form was assumed under the law of centrifugal force. Since then it has cooled, at least in the exterior crust. We thus have it passing through a chemical process, attended by dimin-

---

\* Modern research has discovered over *fifty* small planets in this space.

ishing heat. Whence the heat at first, if not from the causes indicated in the nebular hypothesis? But this is not all. In looking back along the steps of such a process, we have no limit imposed. There is nothing to call for our stopping, till we reach one of those extreme temperatures which would vaporize the solid materials; and this gives us exactly that condition of things which is implied by the nebular cosmogony."—*Vestiges of Creation*, p. 209.

Page 39.

*Where earth's diameter exceeds, 't is known,  
Its polar depth, and proves our planet's form  
To be an oblate spheroid.*

"Although it appears, from the preceding facts, that the earth is spherical, yet it is not a perfect sphere. If it were, the length of the degrees of latitude, from the equator to the poles, would be uniformly the same; but it has been found, by the most careful measurement, that as we go from the equator toward the poles, the length *increases with the latitude*.

"These measurements have been made by the most eminent mathematicians of different countries, and in various places, from the equator to the arctic circle. They have found that a degree of latitude at the arctic circle was *nine-sixteenths* of a mile longer than a degree at the equator, and that the ratio of increase for the inter-

mediate degrees was nearly as the sines of the latitude. Thus the theory of Sir Isaac Newton was confirmed, that the body of the earth was more rounded and convex between the tropics, but considerably flattened at the poles." *Geography of the Heavens and Class-Book of Astronomy*, by Elijah H. Burritt.

Page 39.

—A residuum

*Of that great heat which kept vaporiform*

*All matter in times past.*

See Baron Fourier's *Théorie Analytique de la Chaleur*. 1822.

Page 41.

—For where the cup

*Of mighty seas sunk deep within her breast*

*(Deeper than those which now within it rest),*

*Granitic mountains reared their scraggy heads.*

"Geology tells us as plainly as possible, that the original crystalline mass was not a perfectly smooth ball, with air and water playing round it. There were vast irregularities in the surface—irregularities trifling, perhaps, compared with the whole bulk of the globe, but assuredly vast in comparison with any which now exist upon it. These irregularities might be occasioned by inequalities in the cooling of the substance, or by accidental and local slug-

gishness of the materials, or by local effects of the concentrated internal heat. From whatever cause they arose, there they were, enormous granitic mountains, interspersed with seas which sunk to a depth equally profound, and by which, perhaps, the mountains were wholly or partially covered. \* \* \* \* \*

There is the clearest evidence that the seas of those days were not, in some instances, less than a hundred miles in depth, however much more. The subaqueous mountains must necessarily have been of at least equal magnitude."—*Vestiges of Creation*, p. 29.

Page 43.

*And what this substance? Carbon—known to be  
Of herb and plant the main commodity.*

"Limestone is a carbonate of lime, a secondary compound, of which one of the ingredients, carbonic acid gas, presents the element *carbon*, a perfect novelty in our progress. Whence this substance? The question is the more interesting, from our knowing that carbon is the main ingredient in organic things. There is reason to believe that its primeval condition was that of a gas, confined in the interior of the earth, and diffused in the atmosphere. The atmosphere still contains about a two-thousandth part of carbonic acid gas, forming the grand store from which the substance of each year's crop of herbage and grain is derived, passing from herbage and grain into animal substance, and from animals again rendered back to the



atmosphere in their expired breath, so that its amount is never impaired. Knowing this, when we hear of carbon beginning to appear in the ascending series of rocks, we are unavoidably led to consider it as marking a time of some importance in the earth's history, a new era of natural conditions, one in which organic life has probably played a part."—*Vestiges of Creation*, p. 31.

Page 46.

—*Geology doth show*

*Hundreds of species in this strata low.*

"Upward of three hundred species of plants have been ascertained to exist in the coal formation; but it is not necessary to suppose that the whole contained in that system are now, or will be, distinguished. \* \* \* \*  
Coal strata are nearly confined to the group termed the carboniferous formation. Thin beds are not unknown afterward, but they occur only as a rare exception. It is therefore thought that the most important of the conditions which allowed of so abundant a terrestrial vegetation, had ceased about the time when this formation was closed."—*Vestiges of Creation*, pp. 45, 49.

Page 47.

*Behold ! the forms to which was given birth*

*Spontaneous—in creatures made to be*

*Dwellers alike of either land or sea !*

"These animals are of the vertebrate sub-kingdom, but

of its lowest class next after fishes—namely: reptiles—a portion of the terrestrial tribes, whose imperfect respiratory system, perhaps, fitted them for enduring an atmosphere not yet quite suitable for birds or mammifers. The specimens found in the muschelkalk are allied to the crocodile and lizard tribes of the present day; but, in the latter instance, are upon a scale of magnitude as much superior to present forms, as the lepidodendron of the coal era was superior to the dwarf club-mosses of our time. These saurians also combine some peculiarities of a most extraordinary character.

“The animal to which the name *ichthyosaurus* has been given, was as long as a young whale, and it was fitted for living in the water, though breathing the atmosphere. It had the vertebral column and general bodily form of a fish, but to that were added the head and breast-bone of a lizard, and the paddles of the whale tribes. The beak, moreover, was that of a porpoise, and the teeth were those of a crocodile. It must have been a most destructive creature to the fish of those early seas.

“The *plesiosaurus* was of similar bulk, with a turtle-like body and paddles, showing that the sea was its element; but with a long, serpent-like neck, terminating in a saurian head, calculated to reach prey at a considerable distance. These two animals, of which many varieties have been discovered, constituting distinct species, are supposed to have lived in the shallow borders of the seas of this and subsequent formations, devouring immense

quantities of the finny tribes. It was at first thought that no creatures approaching them in character now inhabit the earth; but, latterly, Mr. Darwin has discovered, in the reptile-peopled Gallapagos Islands, in the South Sea, a marine saurian, from three to four feet long.

"The *megalosaurus* was an enormous lizard—a land creature, also carnivorous. The *pterodactyle* was another lizard, but furnished with wings to pursue its prey in the air, and varying in size between a cormorant and a snipe. Crocodiles abounded, and some of these were herbivorous. Such was the *iguanodon*, a creature of the character of the iguana of the Ganges, but reaching a hundred feet in length, or twenty times that of its modern representative.

"There were also numerous *tortoises*, some of them reaching a great size; and Professor Owen has found in Warwickshire some remains of an animal of the batrachian order (the order to which frogs and toads belong), to which, from the peculiar form of the teeth, he has give the name of labyrinthodon. Thus, three of Cuvier's four orders of reptilia (*sauria*, *chelon**ia*, and *batrachia*) are represented in this formation, the serpent order (*ophidia*) being alone wanting."—*Vestiges of Creation*, p. 52.

Page 49.

—Thus, link by link, to fill

*The gap between the earliest formed and man.*

"Such is the outline of the fauna of the tertiary era, as ascertained by the illustrious naturalists who first

devoted their attention to it. It will be observed, that it brings us up to the felinæ, or carnivora, a considerably elevated point in the animal scale, but still leaving a blank for the quadrumana (monkeys) and for man, who collectively form, as will afterward be seen, the first group in that scale."—*Vestiges of Creation*, p. 69.

Page 67.

*The physiologist observes, each animal  
Progresses still, while in the germinal,  
Thro' changes, all resembling the forms  
Of lower orders in the scale.*

See the Scale of Nature, in *Fletcher's Rudiments of Physiology*.

Page 96.

*Once spake that country's savior next to God.*

"And let me conjure you, in the name of our common country, as you value your own sacred honor, as you respect the rights of humanity, and as you regard the military and national character of America, to express your utmost horror and detestation of the man who wishes, under any specious pretenses, to overturn the liberties of our country; and who wickedly attempts to open the flood-gates of civil discord, and deluge our rising empire in blood."—*Washington's speech to his officers, on the occasion of the "Newburgh addresses."*

Page 106.

*That slavery was authorized by law  
Among the Israelites, etc.*

"The Hebrews had several kinds of servants. Some were mere slaves for life, and were sold and disposed of by their masters as they thought fit: such were the strangers bought or taken in war.—Lev. xxv: 44, etc. Such are also called *bodies*, because their masters' rigor reaches only to their body.—Rev. xviii: 13. Hebrew slaves or bond-servants, who could only at first be bound six years, and at the end thereof were to be dismissed, with presents from their masters; but their children, born during their servitude, continued to be their master's property: but if they declined to go free, their master, with an awl, bored their ear to the door-post, as a token they could not afterward have their freedom, at least till the year of jubilee. If a master struck a bond-servant till he died, he was only punished, not condemned to death. If an ox gored to death a bond-servant, the owner paid thirty shekels of silver as his price, and the ox was stoned. If a master struck out the eye of his slave, he was to give him his liberty as a compensation.—Ex. xxi: 1, 11, 20, 26, 27: Deut. xxv: 1, 18."—*From Brown's Dictionary of the Bible.*

Page 134.

*I would exclaim, as did a noble one  
Of Nature's freemen.*

In John Mitchel's reply to the Joint Committee of the Senate and House of Representatives of Louisiana, inviting him to the seat of Government, he says: "You will not condemn nor wonder at the zeal of a stranger and a refugee for that Union. In my case, it is not unnatural. To me, from my childhood, the United States has been a sacred unity—one and indivisible—the completest, grandest achievement and monument of wit and courage of man in modern times. The admiration became a passion; and the passion led me far, and cost me dear; but the dearer it cost me, the more jealously and proudly I cherish now my old faith and hope; now, when the banner I gazed on so long from hopeless distance, with 'the desire of the moth for the star,' gleams and waves above me at last. May the colors of God's bow be torn asunder ere the stripes of that majestic banner."

Page 161.

*And even the poor Indians now own  
This to be true.*

Most of the newspapers of the day have given us accounts of the interview between the President of the United States and the delegations of the Pawnee, Ponca, and Pottawatomie tribes of Indians, on business connected with the Government. I would like to transcribe in full the speech of each "Chief" to his "Grandfather," to show how completely these poor forest children have come to a

knowledge of their insignificance, and dependence on a more favored race, but condensation forbids it, so I will content myself with a few extracts.

One said, "My Grandfather, you see me to-day, I am poor. \* \* \* \* I think this is a splendid mansion. I think you are like the Great Spirit. Everything the white man makes is wonderful to us. When I see you, and see all these curiosities, I feel as if I am not poor.

Another—"I come here to-day and look about and see your splendid mansion, and it surprises me; but still I know a *white man* can do anything and make anything, and I hope we shall be put in the way to do these things, and not be poor. We have been a long way to see you, and a long time coming here, and, now that we have seen you, it looks as if the Great Spirit is smiling upon us" (alluding to the sunshine and clear sky).

But Wae-gah-sah-pi, or "The Whip," a chief of the Ponca tribe, embodied more truth in a part of his address, than many a more logical white brother might be capable of doing. "My Grandfather," he spake, "I call you Grandfather for no other reason than this: God made me one color, and you of another; but God was partial to you, and made you of a better color. You came into existence and so did I. It was the will of the Great Spirit that we both came into existence. \* \* \* \* It was the will of the Great Spirit that made you more powerful than me; it was the will of the Great Spirit that

you should take this land from us—this land that you stand on to-day belongs to me. You are a man, my Grandfather, and so am I. Everything that you have made, Grandfather, is worthy of attention—is worthy of looking at.”

THE END.







# APPLEGATE & COMPANY,

Booksellers, Stationers,  
PUBLISHERS,



AND BLANK BOOK  
MANUFACTURERS,

No. 43 MAIN STREET, CINCINNATI.

In addition to a large and varied assortment of  
**School, Classical, Theological and Miscellaneous Books,**  
which they have constantly on hand, publish a series of  
**VALUABLE STANDARD WORKS,**  
suitable for the family circle, as well as public libraries.

At this time, when the press teems so abundantly with ephemeral literature, the thinking mind experiences a need of more substantial aliment; of something which shall at the same time furnish not only enjoyment for the present, but for after thought; something from the perusal of which, one can arise a wiser, if not a better man: and among their publications, they flatter themselves such books will be found. It is their aim to select such works, the intrinsic worth of which will cause them to be sought after by enlightened and discriminating minds, and as worthy of gracing the shelves of their libraries.

Among their publications may be found the following, to which they would respectfully invite attention. To these it is their intention to add the best works of the standard Historical and other authors, and they trust that their selections will be such as to entitle them to a liberal share of the patronage of the book-buying public.

## APPLEGATE & CO.'S PUBLICATIONS.

### SPEECHES AND WRITINGS OF HON. THOMAS F. MARSHALL.

As a popular Orator of unrivaled powers and a writer of unsurpassed ability, MR. MARSHALL stands foremost among the prominent men of his day. The great reputation he has acquired, both as a speaker and writer, his long and active identity with and complete knowledge of the political and social history of our country, have created a wide-spread desire to see his numerous speeches and writings, on various subjects, in a permanent form. We feel confident that any one who has heard MR. MARSHALL speak, or read his writings, will appreciate their power and admire their beauty.

To meet this desire and to add a valuable contribution to the standard literature of our own country, we have spared neither pains nor expense to prepare the work in the highest style of the art.

The work contains all of his finest efforts since 1832. His able report on Banking and paper currency,—his speech against JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, in Congress,—his memorable Slavery Letters,—the celebrated eulogy on RICHARD H. MENIFEE,—the Louisville Journal Letter, and his great TEMPERANCE SPEECH, will all be found in the work. Besides these, it contains his entire Old Guard Articles, and many other productions of equal interest and ability, together with an interesting biographical sketch by the editor.

1 vol. octavo, with splendid Steel Portrait of MR. MARSHALL, Library binding,.....	\$2 00
1 vol. octavo, with splendid Steel Portrait of MR. MARSHALL, Half antique,.....	\$3 00

It is not necessary to *puff* this work; it will be sought by every man of literary taste in the country. It will prove a valuable contribution to our standard literature, and the fame of the author will go down to posterity as the purest of our American classics.—*From the Frankfort (Ky.) Commonwealth.*

The work contains all those famous creations of genius that have rendered MR. MARSHALL so remarkable as an orator and a man of genius, and is decidedly one of the most interesting books that has ever been published.—*From the Maysville (Ky.) Eagle.*

The reputation which MR. MARSHALL has acquired as an eloquent orator and forcible writer, render this volume the object of almost universal desire. As a popular orator he stands at the head of the class of American speakers, possessing great powers of elocution, ripe scholarship, and the highest order of intellect.—*From the Bowling Green (Ky.) Gazette.*

We presume that very few persons will decline taking this work. It will be found exceedingly brilliant and powerful. It is the production of one of the master minds of the nation. Remarkable as MR. MARSHALL is, with his humor and his wondrous flights of fancy, he is, we think, still more remarkable for his strong, deep sense and inexorable logic.—*From the Louisville Journal.*

## APPLEGATE & CO.'S PUBLICATIONS.

---

### **DR. ADAM CLARKE'S COMPLETE COMMENTARY ON THE OLD AND NEW TESTAMENTS.**

With a portrait of the author, engraved expressly for this edition, accompanied with Maps, &c. Plain and embossed gilt.

*From the Nashville and Louisville Christian Advocate.*

"It would be difficult to find any contribution to Sacred Literature that has attained to a higher rank than the Commentaries of Dr. ADAM CLARKE. Whether regarded as a prodigy of human learning, or as a monument of what perseverance and industry, within the compass of a single lifetime, can accomplish, it will long continue to challenge the admiration of men as a work of unrivalled merit. It is a treasury of knowledge, in the accumulation of which, the author seems to have had no purpose in view but the apprehension of truth; not to sustain a particular creed, but the apprehension of truth for truth's own sake, restrained in the noble pursuits of no party tenets by no ardor for favorite dogmas. It is difficult to conceive of a complete library without this valuable work, and yet alone of itself, it affords to its possessor no mean variety of entertainment. Besides forming a moderate, but clear elucidation of the true meaning of the Sacred Word, it abounds with illustrations in science, the literature of all ages, and the history of all times and all countries; and as a lexicon for the exposition of abstruse phrases, of difficult terms, and the true genealogy of words of doubtful import, it immeasurably surpasses all similar works of the age."

---

### **DR. ADAM CLARKE'S COMMENTARY ON THE NEW TESTAMENT.**

2 vols. super-royal 8vo. Plain and embossed gilt.

The increasing demand for Dr. Clarke's Commentary on the *New Testament*, has induced us to issue an edition on superior paper, large clear type, handsomely and substantially bound, containing 1978 pages, with a portrait of the author.

**THE COMPLETE WORKS OF THOMAS DICK, LL. D**

11 vols. in 2 ; containing An Essay on the Improvement of Society ; The Philosophy of a Future State ; The Philosophy of Religion ; The Mental Illumination and Moral Improvement of Mankind ; An Essay on the Sin and Evils of Covetousness ; The Christian Philosopher, or Science and Religion ; Celestial Scenery, illustrated ; Sideral Heavens, Planets, etc. ; The Practical Astronomer ; The Solar System, its Wonders ; The Atmosphere and Atmospheric Phenomena, &c. Illustrated with numerous engravings and a portrait. 2 vols. royal 8vo. Plain and embossed gilt.

*This edition is printed from entirely new plates, containing the recent revisions of the author, and is the only COMPLETE edition published in the United States.*

“DICK’S WORKS.—Those who read at all, know both the name of Dr. Dick and the work itself now reprinted. It has long found acceptance with the public.”—*Presbyterian Review, Edinburg.*

---

“We hail this remarkably cheap and greatly improved edition of Dr. Dick’s admirable and highly popular Works. It is a real love to the millions to be able to purchase such an excellent work for so inconsiderable a cost. We earnestly recommend this work to all our readers, and especially to all who desire to store their minds with general information.”—*Wesleyan Associated Magazine, London.*

---

“Eleven different works are embraced in these volumes, making it an edition full and complete. The range of subjects embraced in these several essays and scientific treatises is varied, are all highly important, and of practical utility to mankind generally. These characteristics of Dr. Dick’s writings, while they render them permanently valuable, insure for them also a wide circulation among all classes of readers.”—*Presbyterian of the West.*

**ROLLIN'S ANCIENT HISTORY.**

The Ancient History of the Carthaginians, Assyrians, Babylonians, Medes and Persians, Grecians and Macedonians, including a History of the Arts and Sciences of the Ancients, with a Life of the Author. 2 vols, royal 8vo Plain and embossed gilt.

“A new edition of Rollin's Ancient History has just been issued by Applegate & Co. The value and importance of this work are universally acknowledged. Every private library is deficient without it; and it is now furnished at so cheap a rate, that every family should have it. It should be placed in the hands of all our youth, as infinitely more instructive and useful than the thousand and one trashy publications with which the country is deluged, and which are so apt to vitiate the taste, and ruin the minds of young readers. One word more in behalf of this new edition of Rollin: It may not be generally known that in previous English editions a large and interesting portion of the work has been suppressed. The deficiencies are here supplied and restored from the French editions, giving the copy of Messrs. Applegate & Co. a superiority over previous English editions.”—*Western Recorder*.

---

“A superb edition of this indispensable text and reference book is published by Messrs. Applegate & Co. The work in this form has been for some years before the public, and is the best and most complete edition published. The work is comprised in two volumes of about 600 pages each, containing the prefaces of Rollin and the “History of the Arts and Sciences of the Ancients, which have been omitted in most American editions.”—*Springfield Republic*.

---

“The work is too well known, and has too long been a favorite, to require any commendation from us. Though in some matters more recent investigations have led to conclusions different from those of the Author, yet his general accuracy is unquestionable.”—*West. Chris. Adv.*

**MOSHEIM'S CHURCH HISTORY.**

Ancient and Modern, from the birth of Christ to the Eighteenth Century, in which the Rise, Progress, and Variations of Church Power are considered in their connection with the state of Learning and Philosophy; and the Political History of Europe during that period, continued up to the present time, by CHARLES COOTE, LL. D. 806 pages, 1 vol., quarto, spring back, marble edge.

---

*From the Masonic Review.*

This great standard history of the Church from the birth of Christ, has just been issued in a new dress by the extensive publishing house of Applegate & Co. Nothing need be said by us in relation to the merits or reliability of Mosheim's History: it has long borne the approving seal of the Protestant world. It has become a standard work, and no public or private library is complete without it; nor can an individual be well posted in the history of the Christian Church for eighteen hundred years, without having carefully studied Mosheim. We wish, however, particularly to recommend the present edition. The pages are in large double columns; the type is large and very distinct, and the printing is admirable, on fine white paper. It is really a pleasure to read such print, and we recommend our friends to purchase this edition of this indispensable work.

---

*From the Telescope, Dayton, O.*

This work has been placed upon our table by the gentlemanly and enterprising publishers, and we are glad of an opportunity to introduce so beautiful an edition of this standard Church history to our readers. The work is printed on beautiful white paper, clear large type, and is bound in one handsome volume. No man ever sat down to read Mosheim in so pleasing a dress. What a treat is such an edition to one who has been studying this elegant work in small close print of other editions.

---

*From Professor Wrightson.*

Whatever book has a tendency to add to our knowledge of God, or the character or conduct of his true worshipers, or that points out the errors and mistakes of former generations, must have an elevating, expanding, and purifying influence on the human mind. Such a work is Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History. Like "Rollin's History of the Ancients," it is the standard, and is too well known to need a word of comment.



## APPLEGATE & CO.'S PUBLICATIONS.

---

### GATHERED TREASURES FROM THE MINES OF LITERATURE.

Containing Tales, Sketches, Anecdotes, and Gems of Thought, Literary, Moral, Pleasing and Instructive. Illustrated with steel plates. 1 vol. octavo. Embossed.

To furnish a volume of miscellaneous literature both pleasing and instructive, has been the object of the editor in compiling this work, as well to supply, to some extent, at least, the place that is now occupied by publications which few will deny are of a questionable moral tendency.

It has been the intention to make this volume a suitable traveling and fireside companion, profitably engaging the leisure moments of the former, and adding an additional charm to the cheerful glow of the latter; to blend amusement with instruction, pleasure with profit, and to present an extensive garden of vigorous and useful plants, and beautiful and fragrant flowers, among which, perchance, there may be a few of inferior worth, though none of utter inutility. While it is not exclusively a religious work, yet it contains no article that may not be read by the most devoted Christian.

---

*From the Cincinnati Daily Times.*

This is certainly a book of rare merit, and well calculated for a rapid and general circulation. Its contents present an extensive variety of subjects, and these not only carefully but judiciously selected, and arranged in appropriate departments. Its contents have been highly spoken of by men of distinguished literary acumen, both editors and ministers of various Christian denominations. We cheerfully recommend it.

---

GATHERED TREASURES FROM THE MINES OF LITERATURE.—“One of the most interesting everyday books ever published. Like the Spectator, it may be perused again and again, and yet afford something to interest and amuse the reader. Its varied and choice selections of whatever is beautiful or witty, startling or amusing, can not fail to afford rich enjoyment to minds of every character, and a pleasant relaxation from more severe and vigorous reading.”

---

GATHERED TREASURES.—“A choice collection of short and interesting articles, comprising selections from the ablest authors. Unlike voluminous works, its varied selections afford amusement for a leisure moment, or entertainment for a winter evening. It is alike a companion for the railroad car, the library and parlor, and never fails to interest its reader.”

## APPLEGATE & CO.'S PUBLICATIONS.

---

### THE SPECTATOR.

1 vol. royal 8vo, 750 pages, with a portrait of Addison. Plain and embossed gilt.

The numerous calls for a *complete* and cheap edition of this valuable work, have induced us to *newly stereotype it*, in this form, corresponding in style and price with our other books. Its thorough revisions have been committed to competent hands, and will be found complete.

*From the Central Christian Herald.*

“One hundred and forty years ago, when there were no daily newspapers nor periodicals, nor cheap fictions for the people, the SPECTATOR had a daily circulation in England. It was witty, pithy, tasteful, and at times vigorous, and lashed the vices and follies of the age, and inculcated many useful lessons which would have been disregarded from more serious sources. It was widely popular. It contains some very excellent writing, not in the spasmodic moon-struck style of the fine writing of the present day, but in a free, graceful and flowing manner. It used to be considered essential to a good style and a knowledge of Belles-Lettres to have studied the Spectator, and we are certain our age is not wise in the selection of some of the substitutes which are used in its stead. It should yet be a parlor volume, which should be read with great profit.

“But we do not design to criticise the book, but have prefixed these few facts for the information of our readers to a notice of a new edition of the work by Messrs. Applegate & Co. It is entirely of Cincinnati manufacture, and is in a style very creditable to the enterprising house which has brought it out.”

---

*From the Cincinnati Commercial.*

“APPLEGATE & Co., 43 Main street, have just published, in a handsome octavo volume of 750 pages, one of the very best classics in our language. It would be superfluous at this day to write a line in commendation of this work. The writings of Addison are imperishable, and will continue to charm youth and age while language lasts.”

## APPLEGATE & CO.'S PUBLICATIONS.

---

### PLUTARCH'S LIVES.

With Historical and Critical Notes, and a LIFE OF PLUTARCH. Illustrated with a portrait. Plain and embossed gilt.

This edition has been carefully revised and corrected, and is printed upon entirely new plates, stereotyped by ourselves, to correspond with our library edition of Dick's Works, &c.

*From the Nashville and Louisville Christian Advocate.*

"PLUTARCH'S LIVES.—This great work, to which has long since been awarded the first honors of literature, is now published complete in one volume by Messrs. Applegate & Co., of Cincinnati, and offered at so low a price as to place it within the reach of all. This is a desideratum, especially in this age of 'many books.' Next in importance to a thorough knowledge of history, and in many respects fully equal to it, is the study of well authenticated biography. For this valuable purpose, we know of no work extant superior to the fifty lives of Plutarch. It is a rare magazine of literary and biographical knowledge. The eminent men whose lives compose this work, constitute almost the entire of that galaxy of greatness and brightness, which stretches across the horizon of the distant past, and casts upon the present time a mild and steady luster. Many of them are among the most illustrious of the earth."

---

*From the Ladies' Repository.*

"It is a better piece of property for a young man to own, than an eighty acre lot in the Mississippi Valley, or many hundred dollars in current money. We would rather leave it as a legacy to a son, had we to make the choice, than any moderate amount of property, if we were certain he would read it; and, we are bound to add, that, were we now going to purchase a copy, this edition would have the preference over every other of which we have any knowledge."

























UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



**A** 000 029 863 8

